

Buster Brown

COMIC BOOK

NO.
28



**TUNE IN SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND THE
BUSTER BROWN GANG ON RADIO OR TV**


ALTIER & SONS' SHOES

12 CORNERS AT BRIGHTON
900 MAIN STREET AT BULLSHEAD





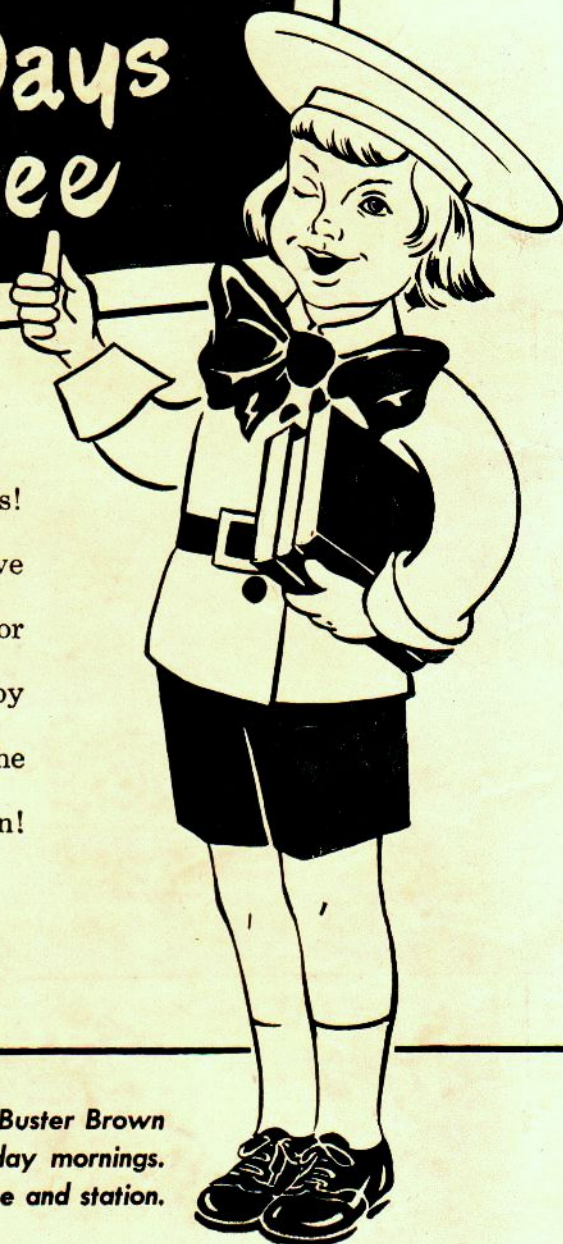
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BUSTER BROWN SAYS-
Get your school shoes
now - at the
 School Days
Jamboree

Gosh, it's almost time for school, kids!

And that means time to have
mother bring you right down for
those wonderful school shoes by

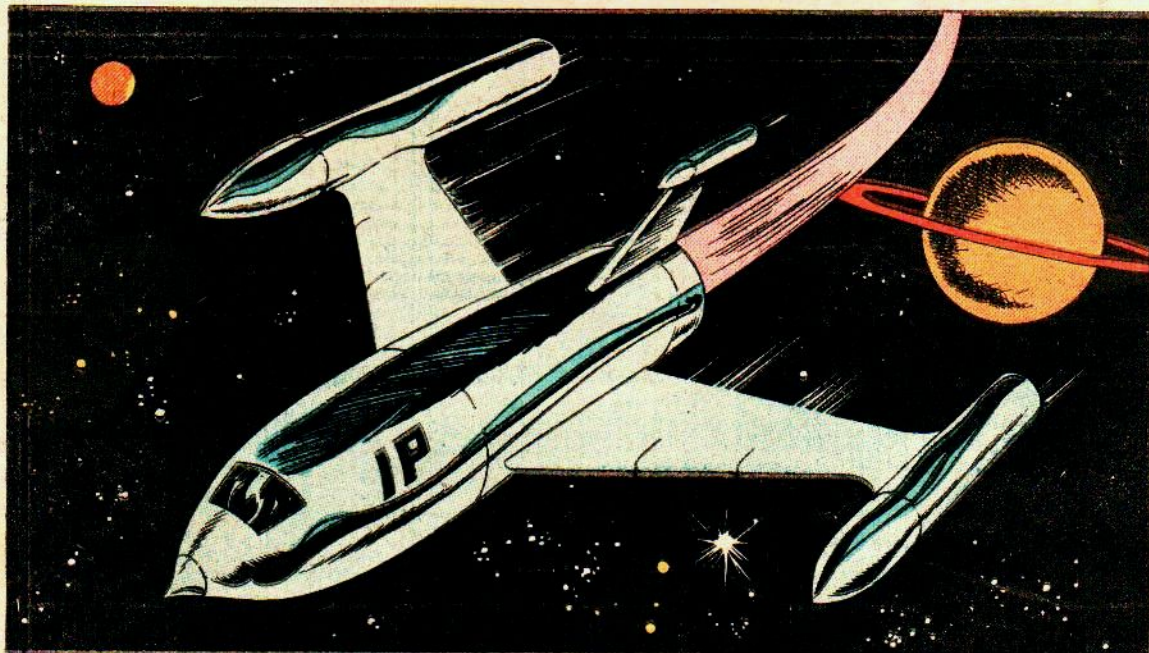
Buster Brown. They're the
handsomest, sturdiest shoes in town!



**TUNE IN to Smilin' Ed and his Buster Brown
Gang on radio or TV—Saturday mornings.
Check your newspaper for time and station.**

METEOR MENACE

WHEN MAN FIRST REACHED OUT TO THE STARS, IT WAS THE SCIENTIST AND SPACE-MAN WHO LED THE WAY. THEN THE PIONEER, AND IN GREATER NUMBERS, THE COLONIZER FOLLOWED AS THE FLIGHT ORBITS THROUGHOUT OUR SOLAR SYSTEM BECAME MORE CERTAIN. ALMOST INEVITABLY CAME THE CRIMINAL, FOR HERE BEYOND THE EARTH, WERE VAST RICHES AND THE BEGINNINGS OF EMPIRE. AND THUS WAS BORN THE INTER-PLANETARY POLICE, DREADED BY ALL EVIL-DOERS. CAPTAIN BRUCE WARREN AND HIS BROTHER TERRY OF THE "IP" NEAR THE END OF THE MARS TO EARTH PATROL.



MARS PATROL TO EARTH PORT--I'M COMING IN--LANDING PATTERN L-42--OVER! SWITCH ON THE ANTI-GRAV FIELD, KID.

ANTI-GRAV ON, MAN, AM I GLAD TO BE HOME! THIS PATROL BETWEEN MARS AND EARTH HAS BECOME A REGULAR MILK RUN!

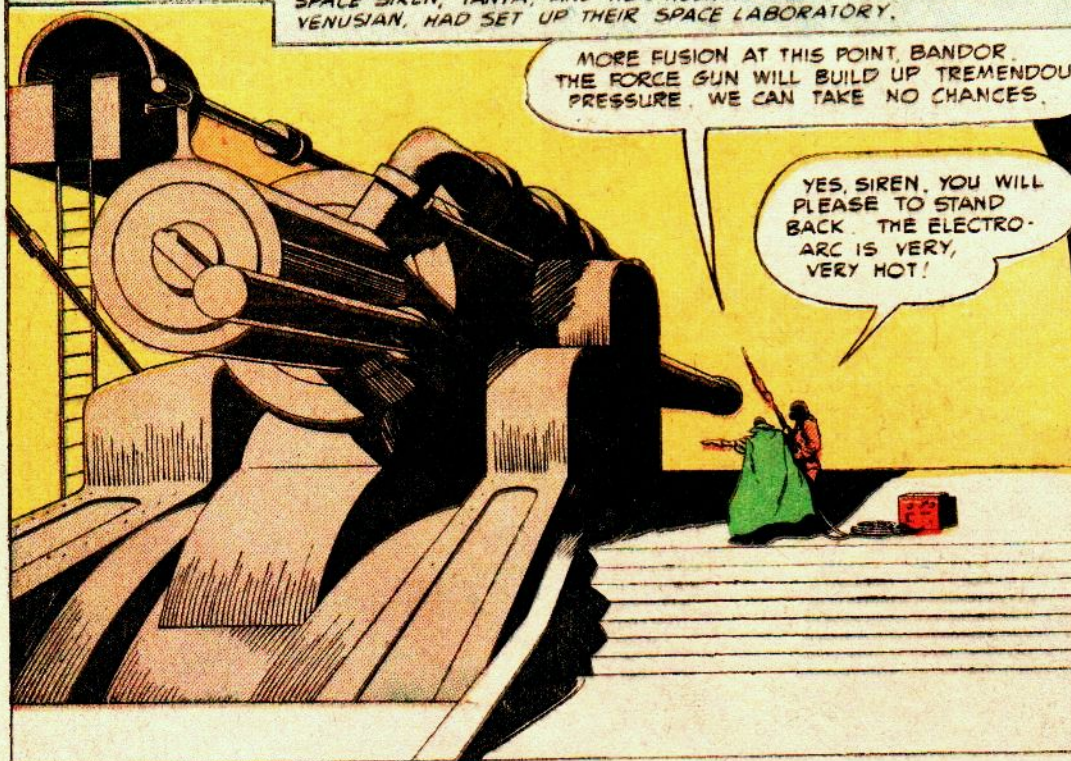


THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU YOUNG SQUIRTS. IF YOU'RE NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIG RHUBARB ALL THE TIME, YOU THINK SPACE-FLYING IS DULL.

DULL? IT'S DEADLY. I'M GOING TO RENT A GROUND-MOBILE AND HAVE A REAL THRILL DRIVING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE!



AS BRUCE WOULD SAY: "ONE FLIGHT'S DULL, AND THE NEXT ONE KILLS YOU." WHILE TERRY AND BRUCE HEADED FOR THEIR APARTMENT, STRANGE AND SINISTER EVENTS WERE SHAPING UP ON A SMALL, OBSCURE AND UNINHABITED PLANET NAMED RON. FOR HERE THE BEAUTIFUL AND DEADLY SPACE SIREN, TANYA, AND HER HULKING LIEUTENANT, BANDOR, THE VENUSIAN, HAD SET UP THEIR SPACE LABORATORY.



MORE FUSION AT THIS POINT, BANDOR. THE FORCE GUN WILL BUILD UP TREMENDOUS PRESSURE. WE CAN TAKE NO CHANCES.

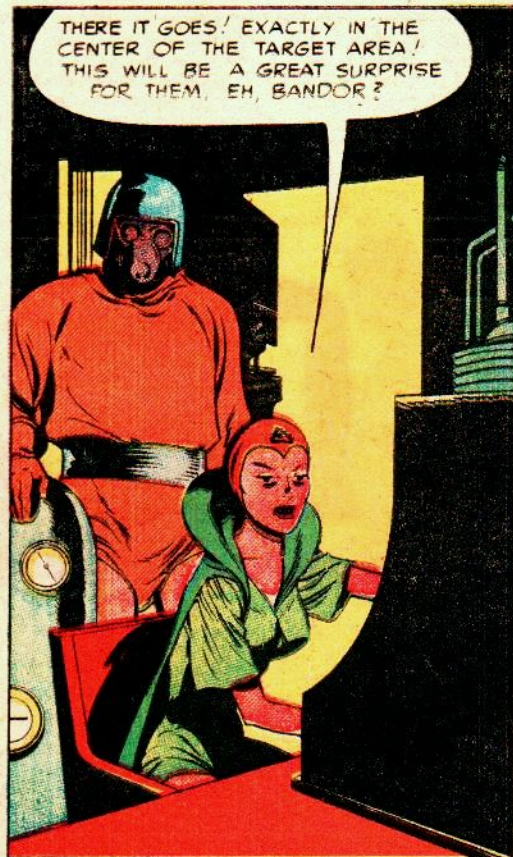
YES, SIREN. YOU WILL PLEASE TO STAND BACK. THE ELECTRO-ARC IS VERY, VERY HOT!

SO! THAT WILL BE STRONG ENOUGH, BANDOR. NOW COME TO THE CONTROL ROOM. A SHOWER OF METEORITES WILL PASS NEAR HERE IN A FEW MINUTES AND I WANT TO TEST THE FORCE GUN.

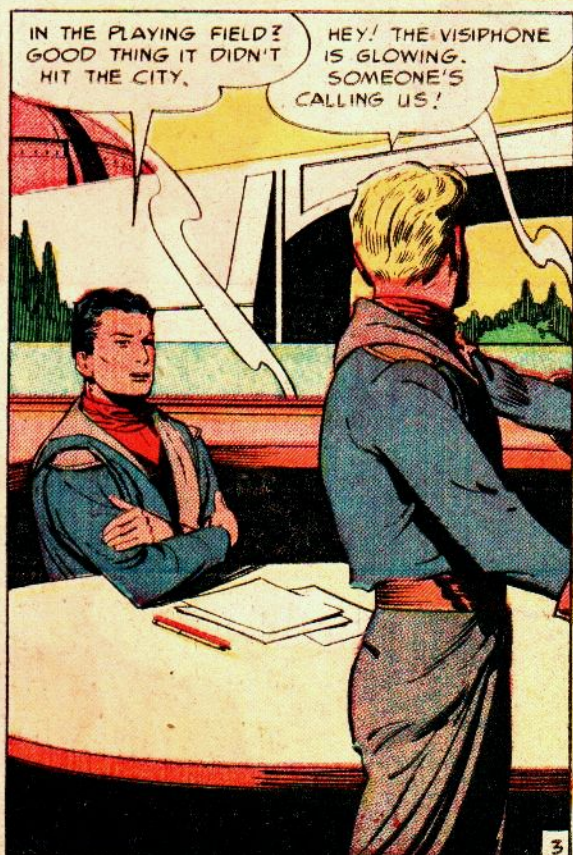
AS YOU WISH, SIREN. WE HAVE CREATED A TERRIBLE POWER I HOPE WE CAN CONTROL IT!

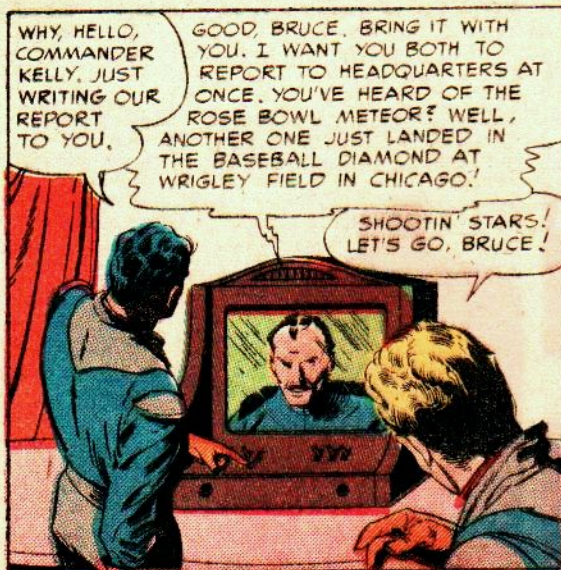
YOU HOPE WE CAN CONTROL THE FORCE GUN? LIKE MOST VENUSIANS, BANDOR, YOU ARE A FOOL. YOU HAVE THE MECHANICAL ABILITY OF A GENIUS, THE BODY OF A GIANT - AND THE COURAGE OF A MOUSE! THE FORCE GUN IS DESIGNED EVEN MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN THAT SILLY BREATHING MASK YOU MUST ALWAYS WEAR WHEN AWAY FROM VENUS. YOU KNOW THERE IS NO ONE BETTER VERSED IN INTER-STELLAR PHYSICS THAN I, OF COURSE I CAN CONTROL THE FORCE GUN!





UNAWARE OF THE STRANGE HAPPENINGS ON THE TINY PLANET RON, BRUCE WARREN MAKES OUT HIS ROUTINE FLIGHT REPORT--WITH INTERRUPTIONS.





LATER, IN COMMANDER KELLY'S OFFICE.

SO YOUR OLD ENEMY, TANYA IS UP TO HER TRICKS AGAIN.

WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, SIR. MEANWHILE, TERRY AND I WOULD LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO TAKE A PORTABLE TAGANIUM AND STEEL GLASS SHELTER TO THE YANKEE STADIUM WITH PLENTY OF YOUR 'IP' INSTRUMENTS. PERHAPS WE CAN FIND OUT A FEW THINGS ABOUT THESE METEORS OF TANYA'S!

TERRY AND BRUCE BEGAN THEIR PREPARATIONS EARLY THE NEXT MORNING. BRINGING WITH THEM THE NEWEST, AND SOME OF THE MOST SECRET INSTRUMENTS, THEY SELECTED A SPOT AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE PLAYING FIELD AT YANKEE STADIUM AND SET UP THEIR SHELTER. FOR THESE MEN OF THE INTERPLANETARY PATROL WERE NOT ONLY TOP-FLIGHT SPACE MEN, BUT HIGHLY TRAINED SCIENTISTS AS WELL.

HOW ARE WE DOING FOR TIME, BRUCE?

GETTING SHORT. LET'S GET THIS LAST PLATE ON AND GET INSIDE.

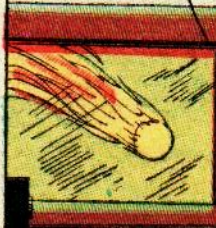
WE'RE ALL SET, COMMANDER KELLY. I THINK THIS SHELTER WILL STAND UP UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE METEOR.

THE AREA'S CLEARED FOR A MILE IN EVERY DIRECTION. GET A FIX ON THE METEOR WITH YOUR VISI-PLATE. IT'S DEFINITELY IN SIGHT. GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK!

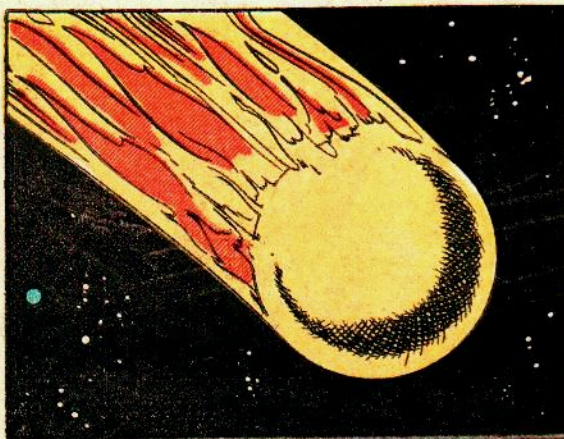
HEY, LET'S GET ON WITH IT, BRUCE. I'VE PICKED THE METEOR ON THE SEISMO-METER AND IT'S REALLY COMING!

THE SEISMOMETER IS ALL SET TO RECORD IMPACT WHEN THE METEOR HITS.

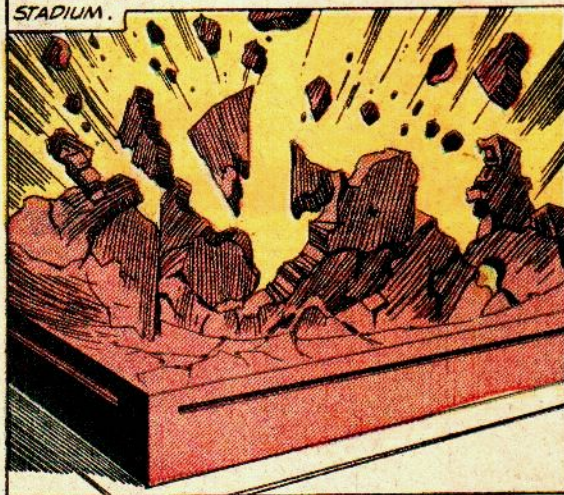
GOOD. QUICK NOW--GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE TRIANGULATOGRAPH. I WANT TO TRY TO PLOT THE COURSE OF THE METEOR. IT WILL GIVE US SOME IDEA OF WHERE TO LOOK FOR TANYA.



BRUCE AND TERRY WAIT TENSELY, THEIR EYES ALTERNATING FROM THEIR RECORDING INSTRUMENTS TO THE IMAGE OF THE BLAZING METEOR IN THE VISIPLATE. OUT OF THE SKY THE BLAZING METEOR HURTLES DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TOWARD THEM AT A THOUSAND MILES A SECOND!

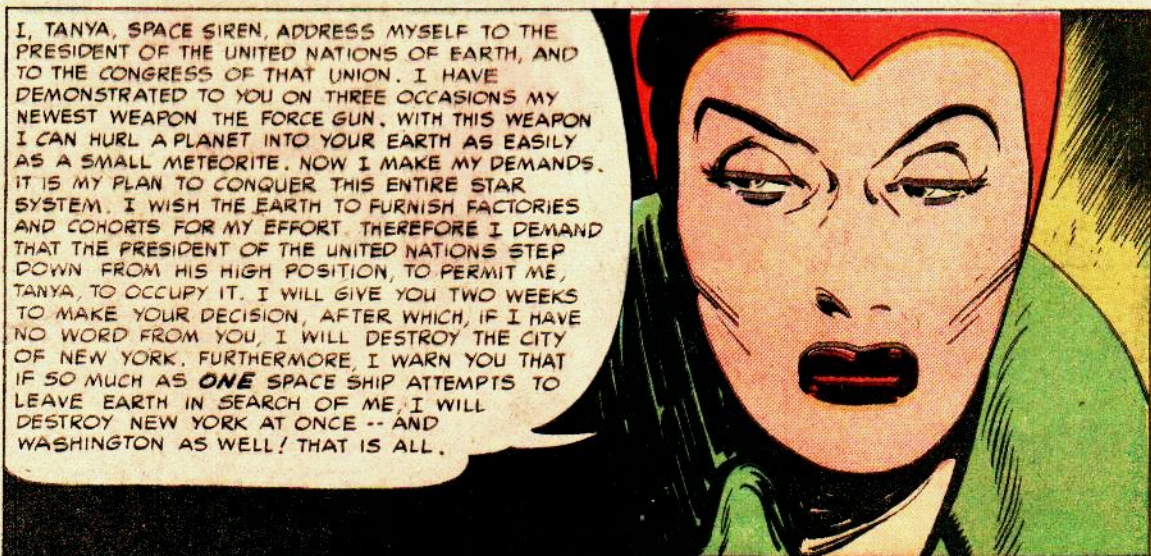


STRIKING WITH UNMEASURABLE FORCE, THE FLAMING METEOR CRASHES IN THE CENTER OF THE YANKEE STADIUM.



AS BRUCE AND TERRY CRAWL SHAKILY OUT OF THEIR SHELTER, A SCENE OF UNIMAGINABLE DESTRUCTION MEETS THEIR EYES. WHERE THE GREAT STADIUM ONCE STOOD NOTHING REMAINS BUT A VAST CRATER OF BLASTED AND FUSED EARTH!







READY FOR BLAST OFF. FULL POWER, ALL AFT TUBES.

RIGHT, SIR. POWER ON!

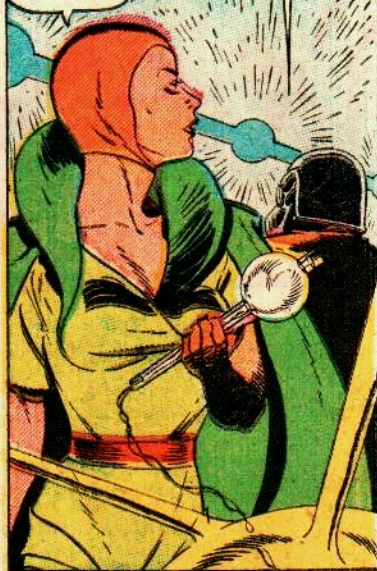
WITH THE PRACTISED SKILL OF LONG TRAINING, BRUCE AND TERRY LIFT THE COMET FROM EARTHPORT AND SOON THE TRIM SPACE FIGHTER IS ESTABLISHED ON THE COURSE WHICH BRUCE HAD PLOTTED FROM THE FALLEN METEOR.



MEANWHILE, TANYA AND BANDOR ARE BUSY IN THEIR LABORATORY ON THE FARAWAY PLANET OF RON.

SIREN--A SPACE SHIP! AND IT LOOKS VERY FAMILIAR TO ME.

A SPACE SHIP? LET ME LOOK-- BRING UP THE IMAGE.

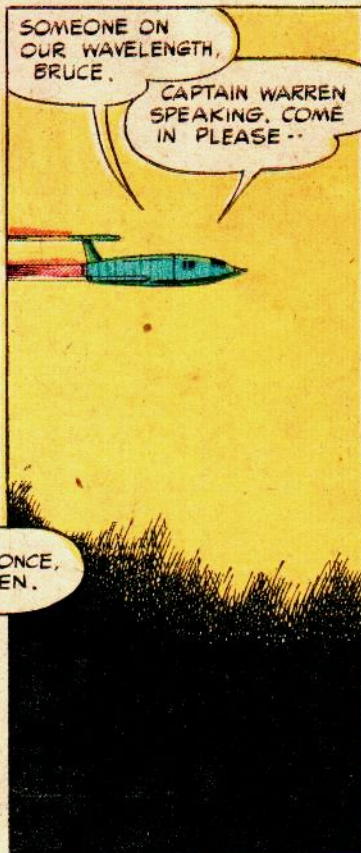


YOU ARE RIGHT, BANDOR. THAT IS BRUCE WARREN'S COMET--I WOULD KNOW THAT SHIP ANYWHERE. CONTACT HIM.

AT ONCE, SIREN.

SOMEONE ON OUR WAVELENGTH, BRUCE.

CAPTAIN WARREN SPEAKING. COME IN PLEASE--



SO, CAPTAIN WARREN, YOU CHOSE TO IGNORE MY WARNING. ARE YOU HAPPY TO KNOW THAT YOU HAVE JUST SEALED THE DOOM OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN NEW YORK CITY?

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, TANYA. YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO TEN MILLION PEOPLE!



TANYA, YOU CAN'T JUST WIPE OUT AN ENTIRE CITY. THINK AGAIN BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING RASH!

CUT HIM OFF, BANDOR. THEN WORK THE LARGE TELESCOPE UNTIL YOU FIND A METEOR BIG ENOUGH TO REDUCE THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO A PILE OF RADIO-ACTIVE RUBBLE. I WILL GO PREPARE THE FORCE GUN.

YES, SIREN.

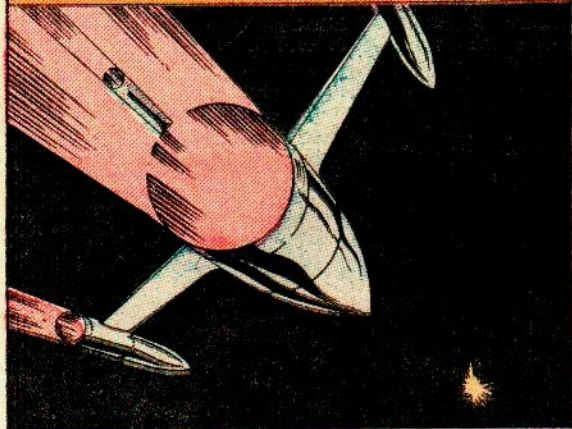


WELL, WE HEARD WHAT SHE SAID BEFORE THAT BIG VENUSIAN TURNED US OFF. SHE'S REALLY GOING TO DESTROY NEW YORK!

TERRY, THE WAY I FIGURE IT, SHE WOULD HAVE SENT DOWN THE METEOR IN TWO WEEKS ANYWAY. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS WOULD NEVER STEP DOWN FOR HER. SHE'S GOT TO SEND HER METEOR, OR WE'LL NEVER SEE IF OUR IDEA WORKS.



FOR TWELVE STAR-TIME HOURS BRUCE AND TERRY KEPT THEIR TRIM CRAFT KNIFING THROUGH DEEP SPACE ON ITS COURSE TO THE MINOR PLANET RON. THEN SUDDENLY, THEY SPIED A PINPOINT OF LIGHT AHEAD. RAPIDLY THE TINY GLOW INCREASED IN SIZE.



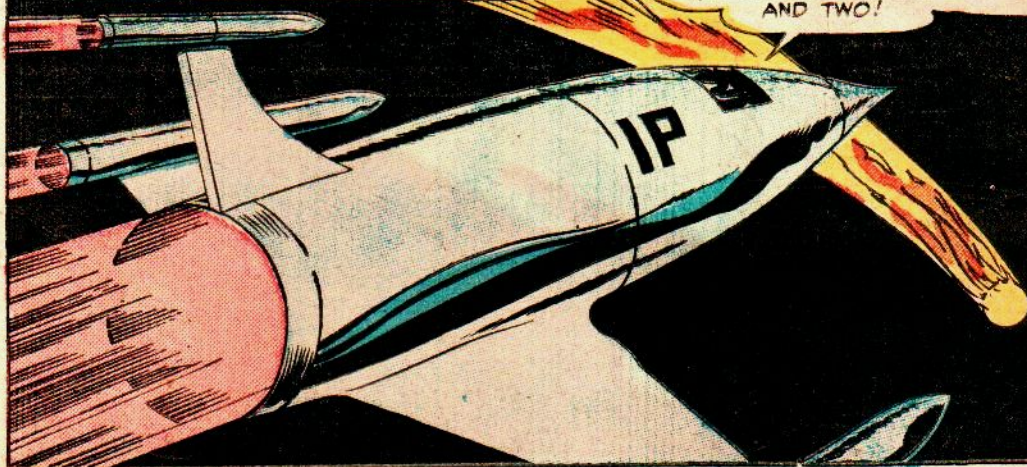
I TELL YOU THAT LIGHT IS GROWING STRONGER, BRUCE.

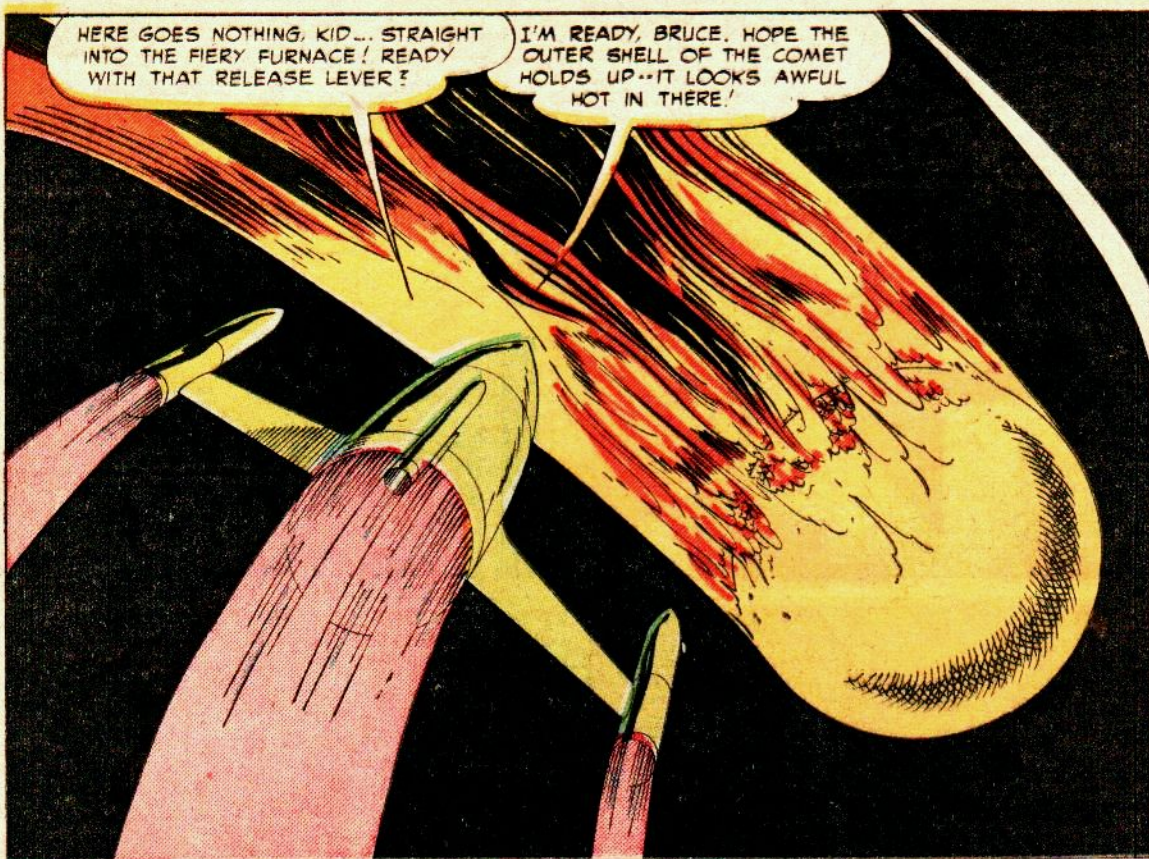
I THINK SO, TOO, AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S TANYA'S METEOR. SEE IF YOU CAN GET A FIX ON IT IN THE VISICOPE.



THAT'S IT, SURE ENOUGH! I'D BETTER PLOT THE SPEED OF THE METEOR. HOPE WE'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE ELEMENT ANALYSIS OF THAT METEOR'S TAIL!

I THINK WE ARE. BUT WE'D BETTER BEGIN OUR TURN NOW-- I WANT TO CUT THROUGH THAT TAIL AS CLOSE TO THE BODY AS POSSIBLE. CUT IN PORT ROCKETS, ONE AND TWO!

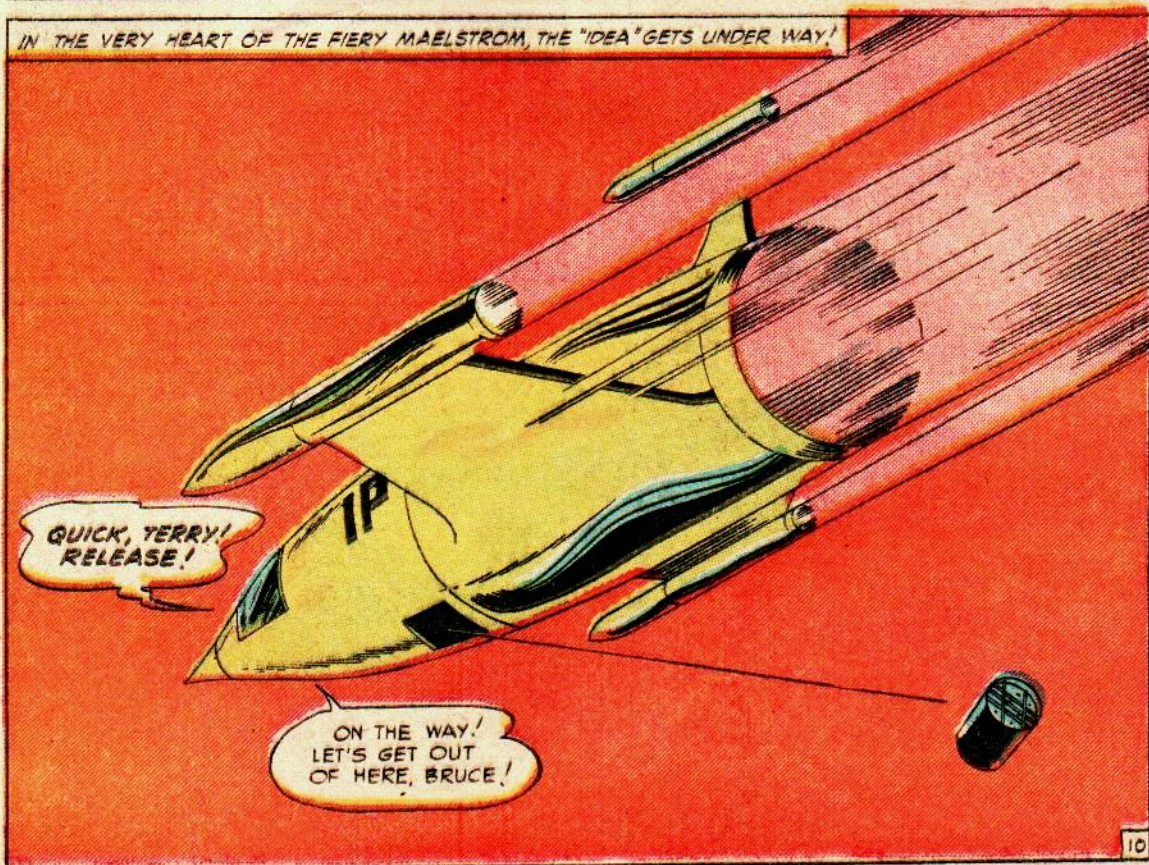




HERE GOES NOTHING, KID... STRAIGHT INTO THE FIERY FURNACE! READY WITH THAT RELEASE LEVER?

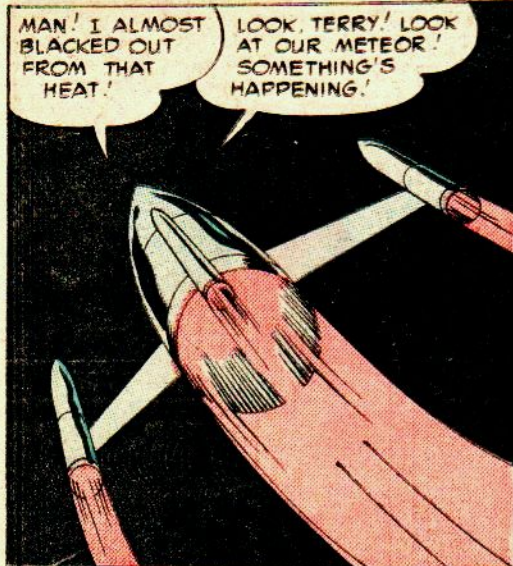
I'M READY, BRUCE. HOPE THE OUTER SHELL OF THE COMET HOLDS UP--IT LOOKS AWFUL HOT IN THERE!

IN THE VERY HEART OF THE FIERY MAELSTROM, THE "IDEA" GETS UNDER WAY!



QUICK, TERRY! RELEASE!

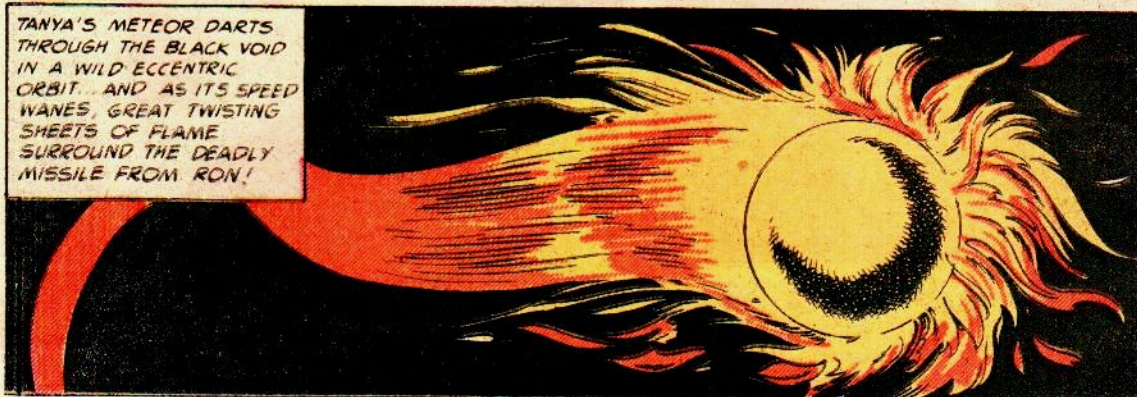
ON THE WAY!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BRUCE!



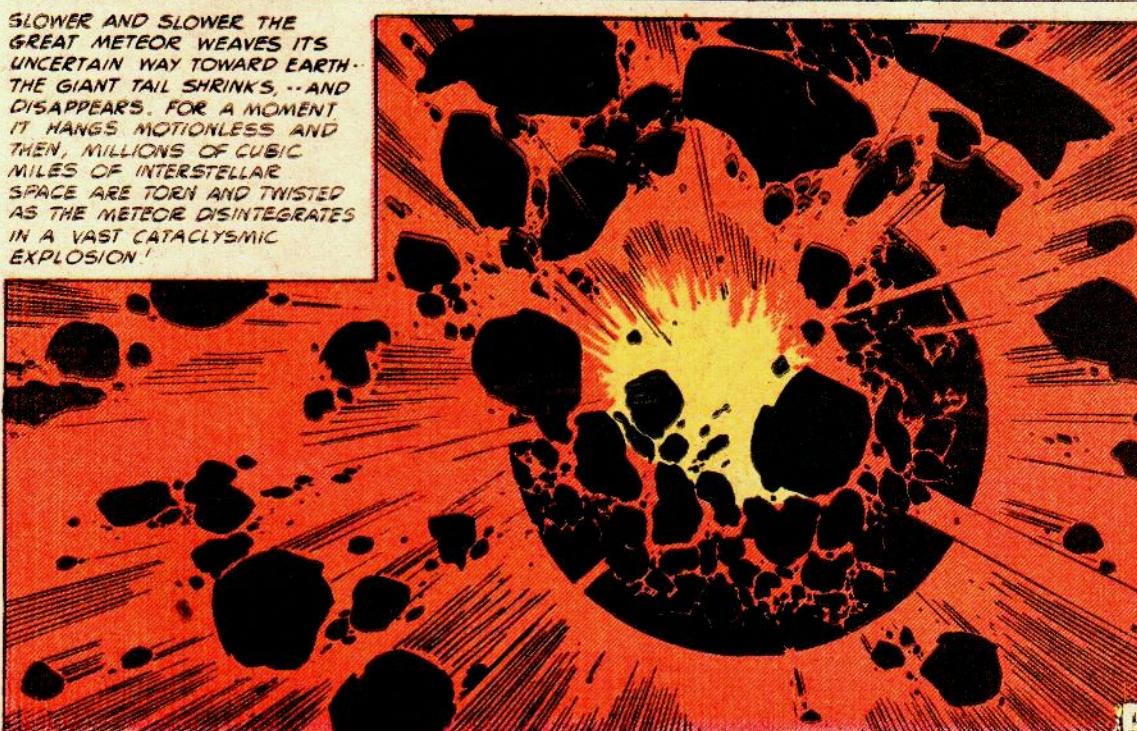
FOR AN INSTANT THE PLUNGING METEOR WAVERS IN ITS
COURSE... AND THE FLAMING TAIL BEGINS TO BROADEN!



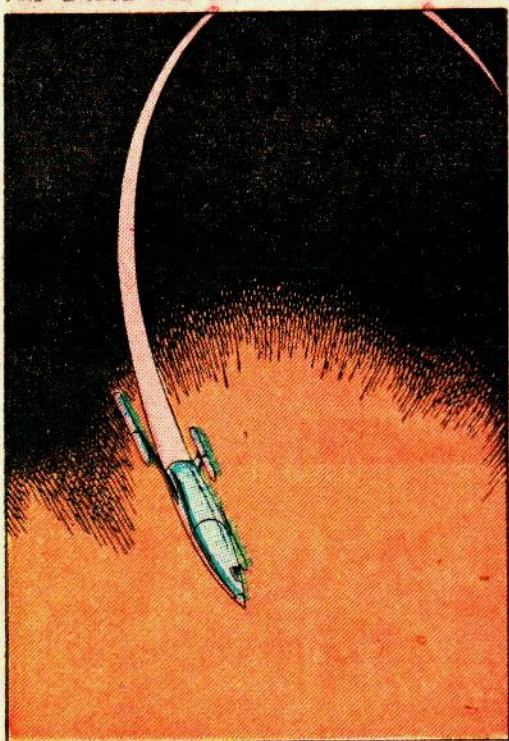
TANYA'S METEOR DARTS
THROUGH THE BLACK VOID
IN A WILD ECCENTRIC
ORBIT... AND AS ITS SPEED
WANES, GREAT TWISTING
SHEETS OF FLAME
SURROUND THE DEADLY
MISSILE FROM RON!



SLOWER AND SLOWER THE
GREAT METEOR WEAVES ITS
UNCERTAIN WAY TOWARD EARTH...
THE GIANT TAIL SHRINKS... AND
DISAPPEARS. FOR A MOMENT
IT HANGS MOTIONLESS AND
THEN, MILLIONS OF CUBIC
MILES OF INTERSTELLAR
SPACE ARE TORN AND TWISTED
AS THE METEOR DISINTEGRATES
IN A VAST CATAclySMIC
EXPLOSION!



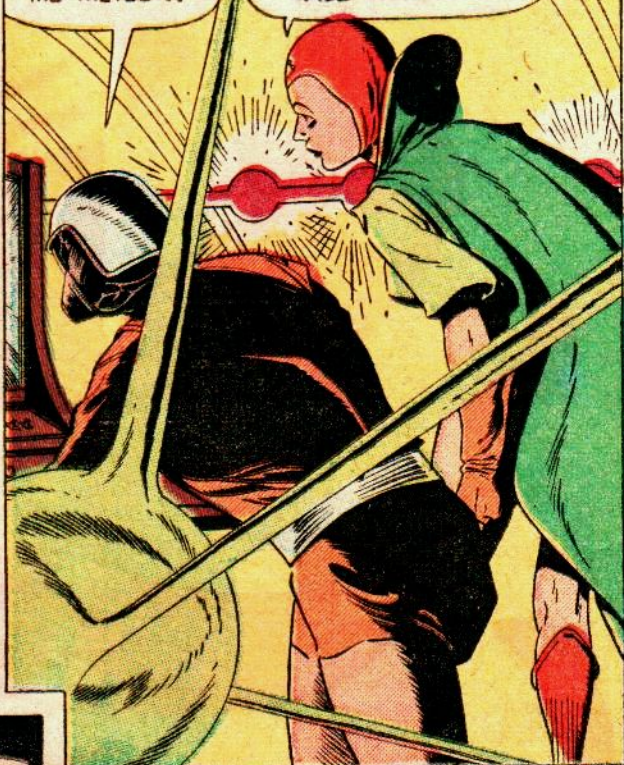
ALTHOUGH THEY HAD RACED LIGHT-YEARS AWAY IN AN EFFORT TO FIND SAFETY, THE COMET IS THROWN FAR OFF ITS ESCAPE ORBIT AS THE SKIES BLOW UP! BUT TERRY AND BRUCE ARE SAFE!



AT THE SAME TIME, ON THE PLANET RON, TANYA ANGRILY WATCHES HER PLAN OF CONQUEST GO UP IN FLAMES!

SIREN! SOMEHOW THAT DEVIL, WARREN, HAS BLOWN UP THE METEOR!

EVEN AFTER WATCHING THE EXPLOSION I CANNOT BELIEVE IT! BANDOR-- CALL WARREN!



OH, HELLO TANYA. WHAT'S NEW?

WARREN-- HOW DID YOU DO THAT? HOW DID YOU EXPLODE THE METEOR?

GIVE HER MY LOVE, BRUCE.



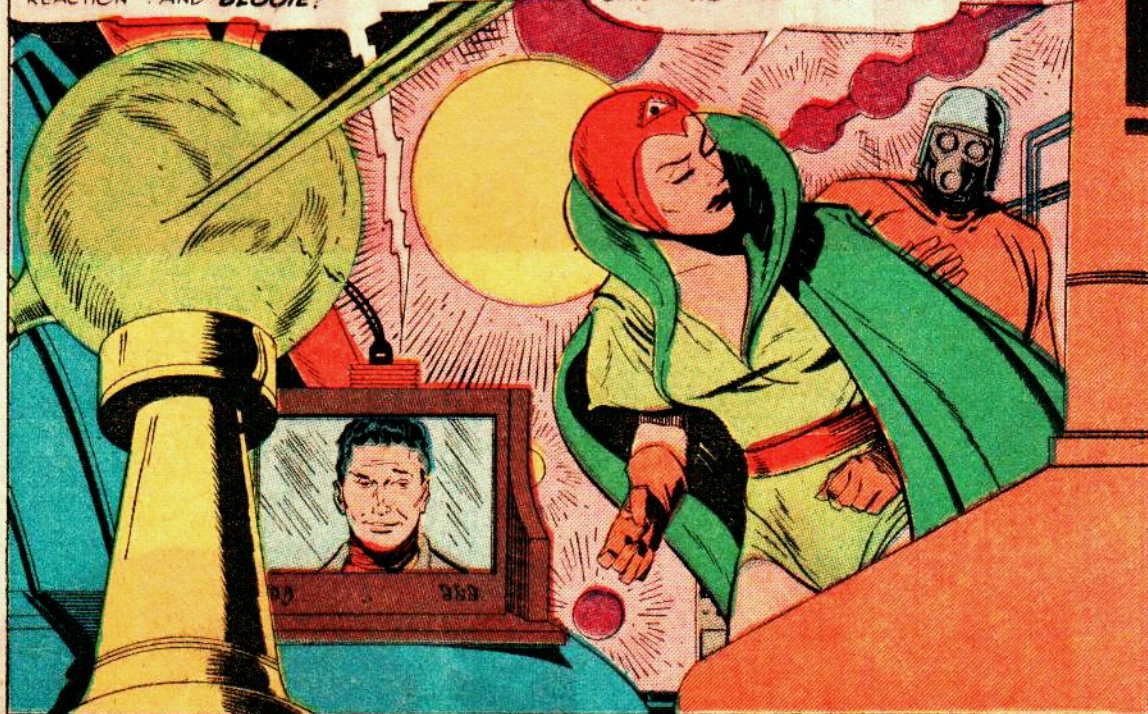
IT WAS SIMPLE, SWEETHEART. YOUR FORCE GUN IS WORTHLESS AS A MEANS OF CONQUEST. WHEN YOU DEVIATE A METEOR OR PLANET FROM ITS COURSE WITH THE FORCE GUN OPERATED WITH ATOMIC ENERGY, YOU AUTOMATICALLY ATTACH TO THAT BODY A TAIL OF GASES WHICH IS HIGHLY RADIO-ACTIVE.

FOOL! I KNOW THAT! I AM AN INTERSTELLAR PHYSICIST. BUT HOW DID YOU BLOW IT UP?



YOU REMEMBER THE OLD FASHIONED ATOMIC PILE USED BACK IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY? WE SIMPLY BUILT ONE IN MINIATURE, STARTED IT OPERATING AND TOSSED IT IN THE RADIO-ACTIVE TAIL OF YOUR METEOR. IT SET UP A CHAIN REACTION--AND **BLOOE!**

SO, THAT IS HOW YOU DESTROYED MY METEOR. AGAIN YOU WIN, CAPTAIN WARREN, BUT WE SHALL MEET ANOTHER TIME. SAVE YOUR SPACE FUEL FOR WE WILL BE GONE FROM HERE LONG BEFORE YOU CAN REACH US. BUT AS I SAID--WE WILL MEET AGAIN!

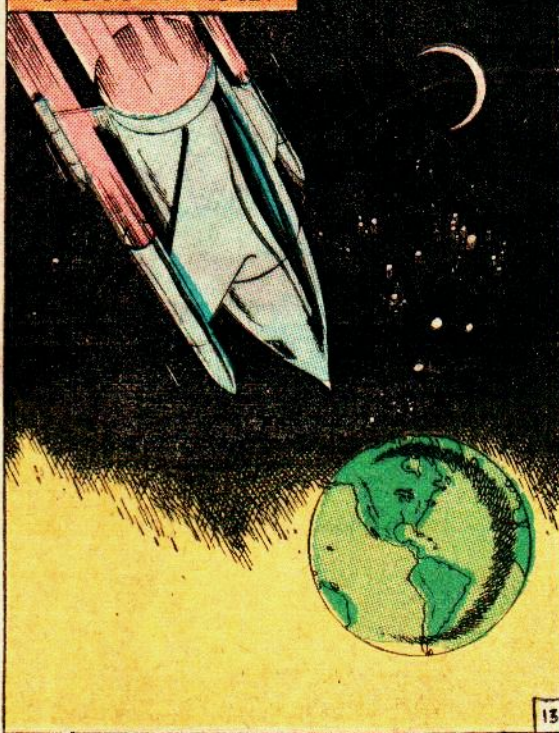


WHEN TERRY AND BRUCE REACHED RON, TANYA'S LABORATORY HAD BEEN DESTROYED AND THE SPACE SIREN, WITH HER VENUSIAN LIEUTENANT, HAD FLED FAR ACROSS TRACKLESS SPACE TO A DISTANT GALAXY.

HER MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, THE REDOUBTABLE COMET KNIFES THROUGH SPACE TOWARD THE FRIENDLY GREEN PLANET THAT IS HOME TO THE INTREPID BRUCE AND TERRY WARREN OF THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE.

NOW THAT TANYA HAS CLEARED OUT, IF YOU'LL JUST MOVE YOUR LEFT HAND A TEENY-WEENY BIT, THEN WIGGLE YOUR ITTY-BITTY FINGERS, YOU WILL CUT THE PORT ROCKET SWITCH AND WE WILL MAKE A REAL PRETTY RIGHT TURN--AND HEAD FOR SPACEPORT. CAN DO?

SURE CAN!



On Stage

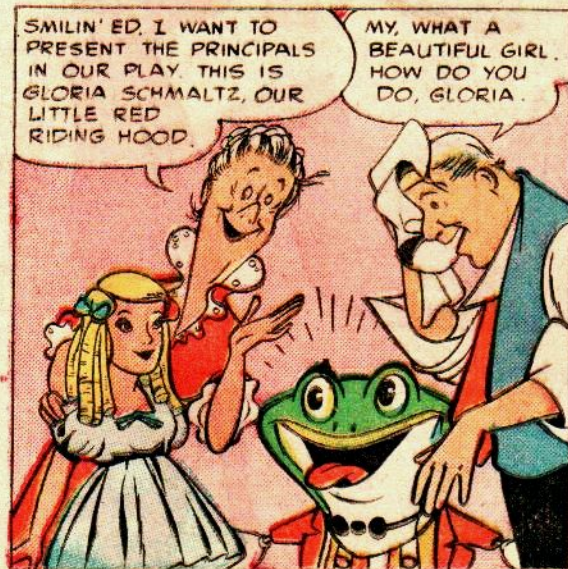
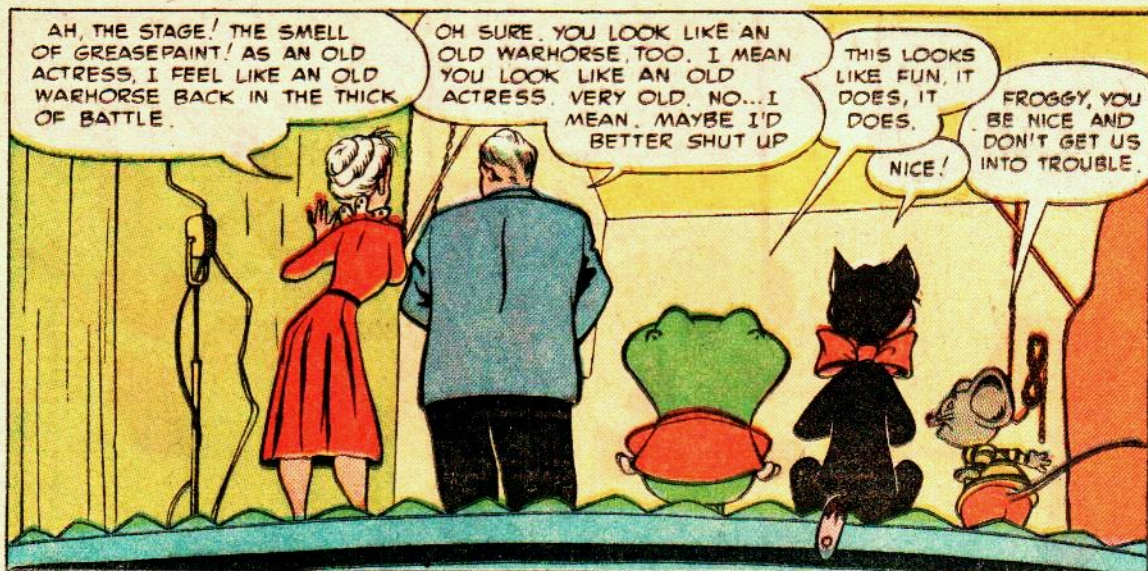
with Smilin' Ed and his Gang

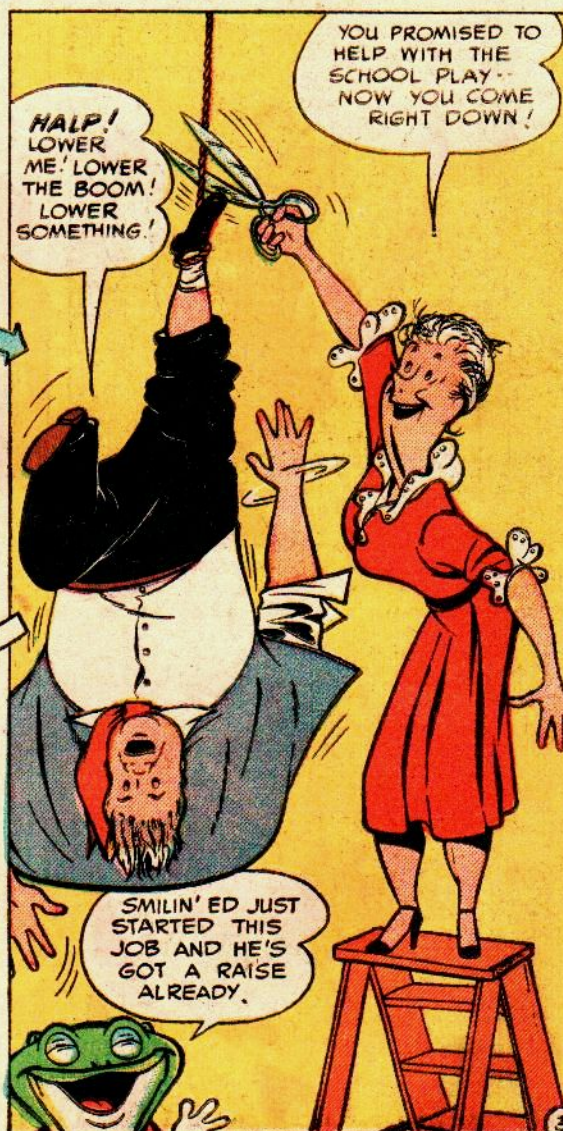
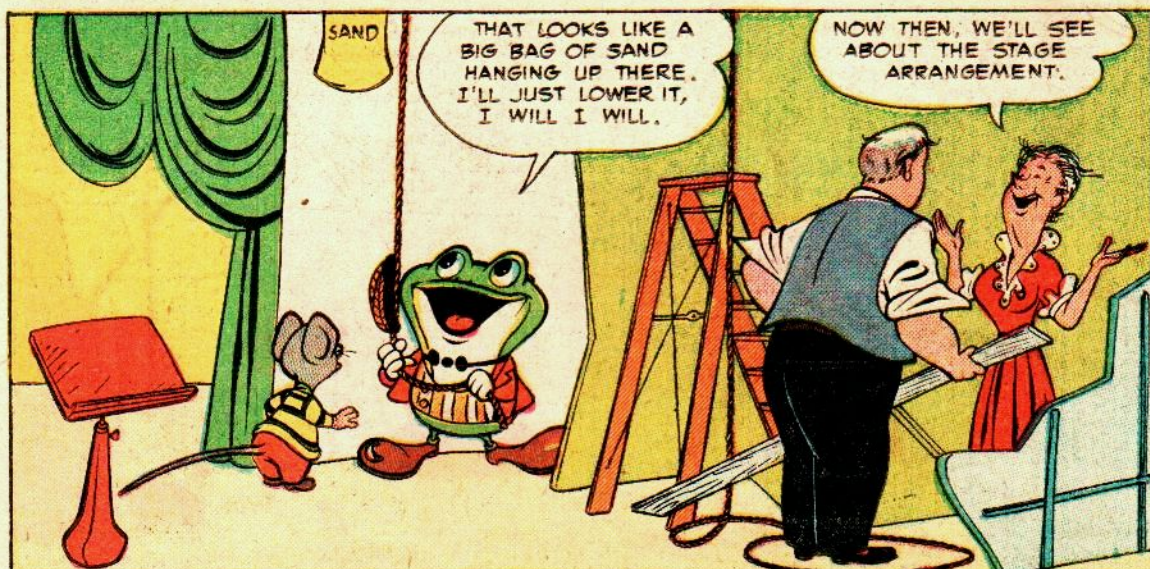
OH, SMILIN' ED, THE PARENT TEACHERS ASSOCIATION HAS ASKED ME TO TAKE CHARGE OF PUTTING ON THE SCHOOL PLAY THIS YEAR, BECAUSE THE TEACHERS ARE SO BUSY WITH THEIR EXTRA LARGE CLASSES. ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL? AND SMILIN' ED, I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO HELP.

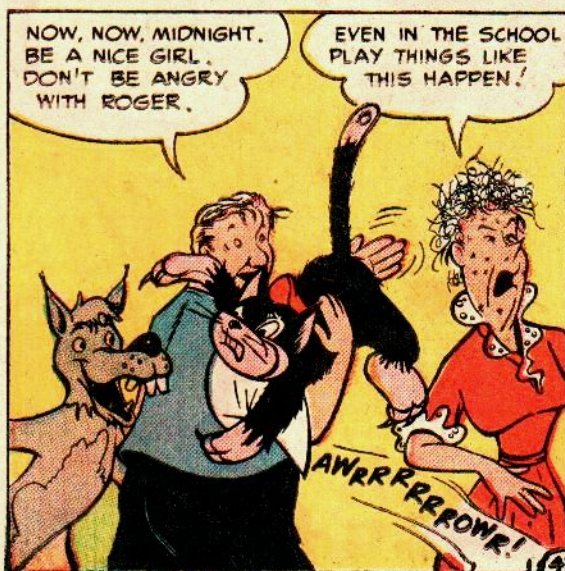
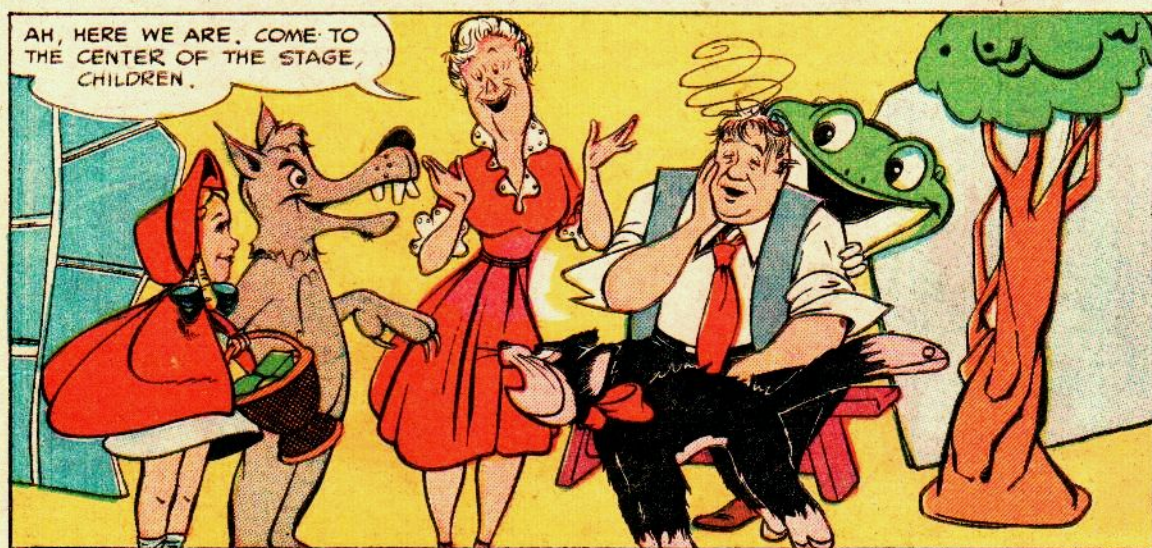
OH, I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP, MISS TWIDDLE VAN SNOOT. A LOT OF MY BUDDIES GO TO OUR NEIGHBORHOOD SCHOOL.

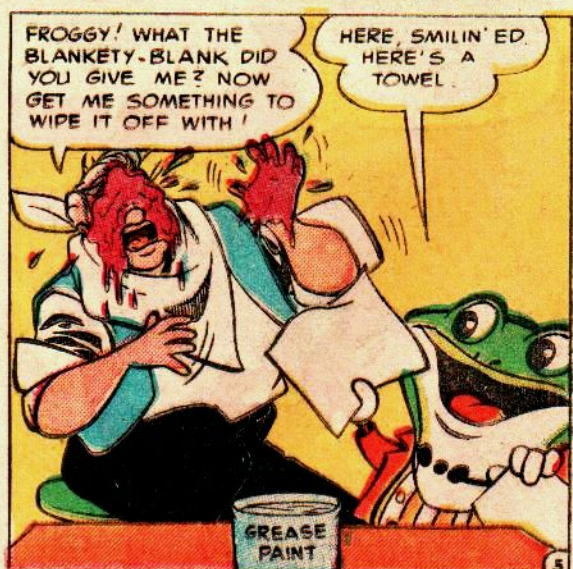
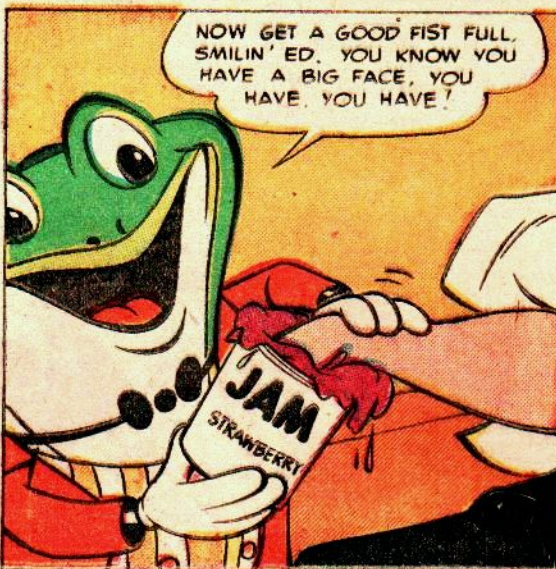
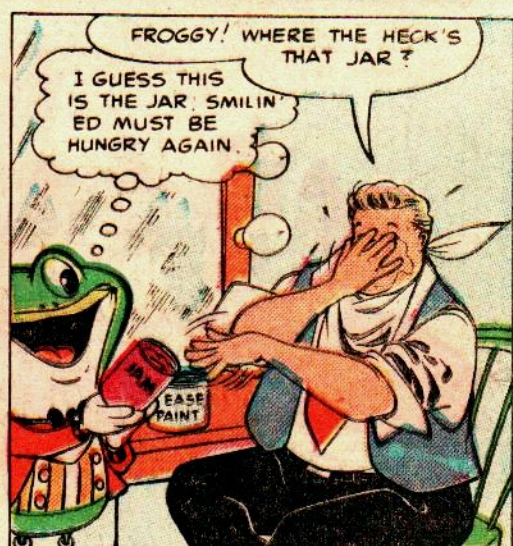


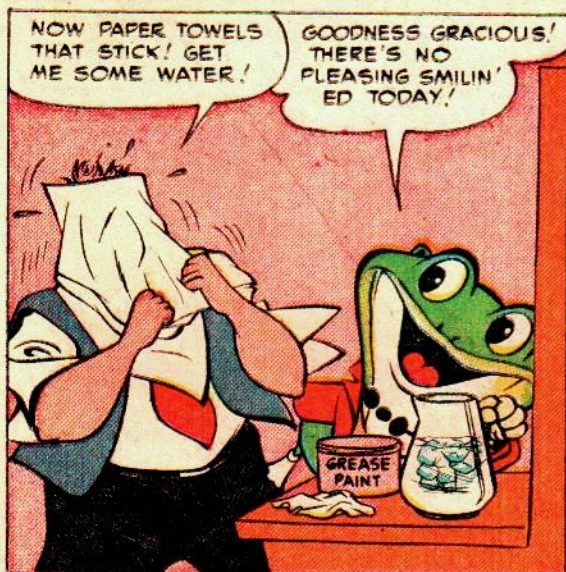
SMILIN' ED IS SPENDING A QUIET DAY AT HOME READING TO HIS LITTLE FRIENDS, FROGGY THE GREMLIN, SQUEEKY THE MOUSE AND MIDNIGHT THE CAT. BUT MISS TWIDDLE VAN SNOOT HAS OTHER PLANS FOR SMILIN' ED...

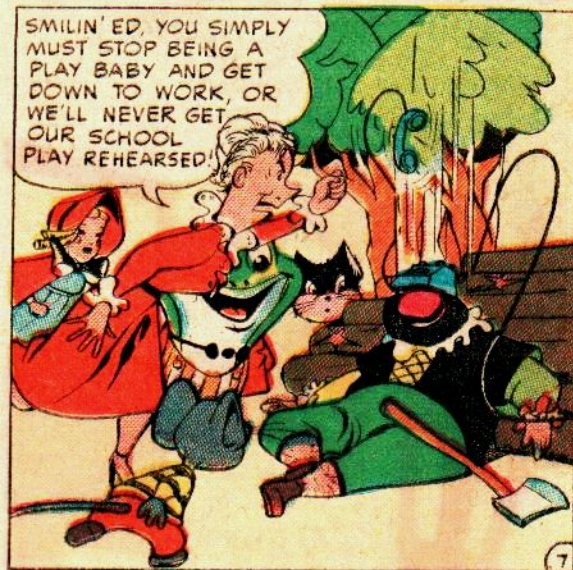
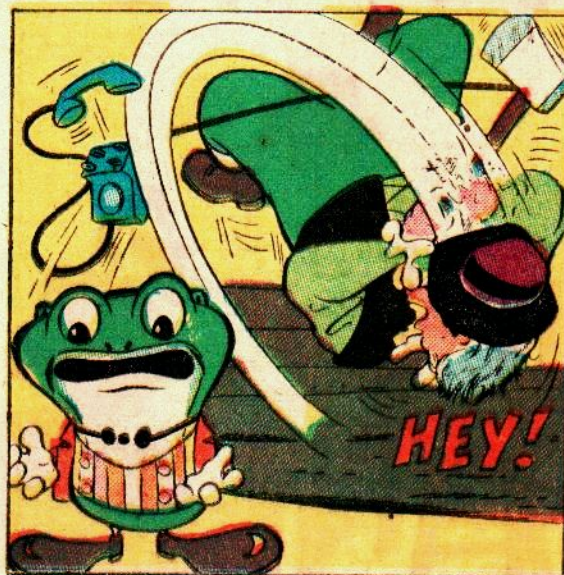
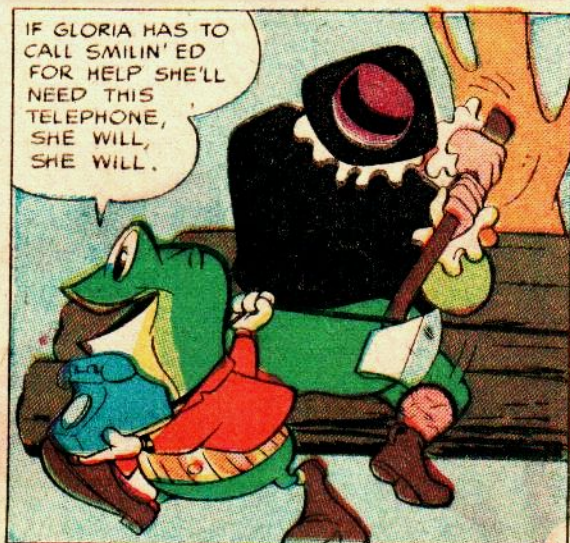
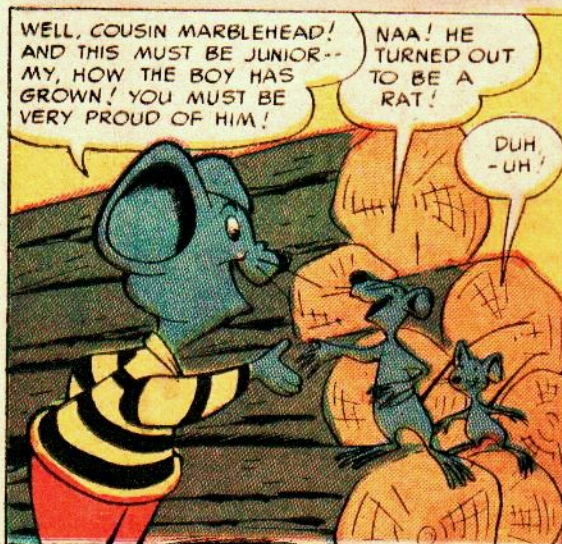
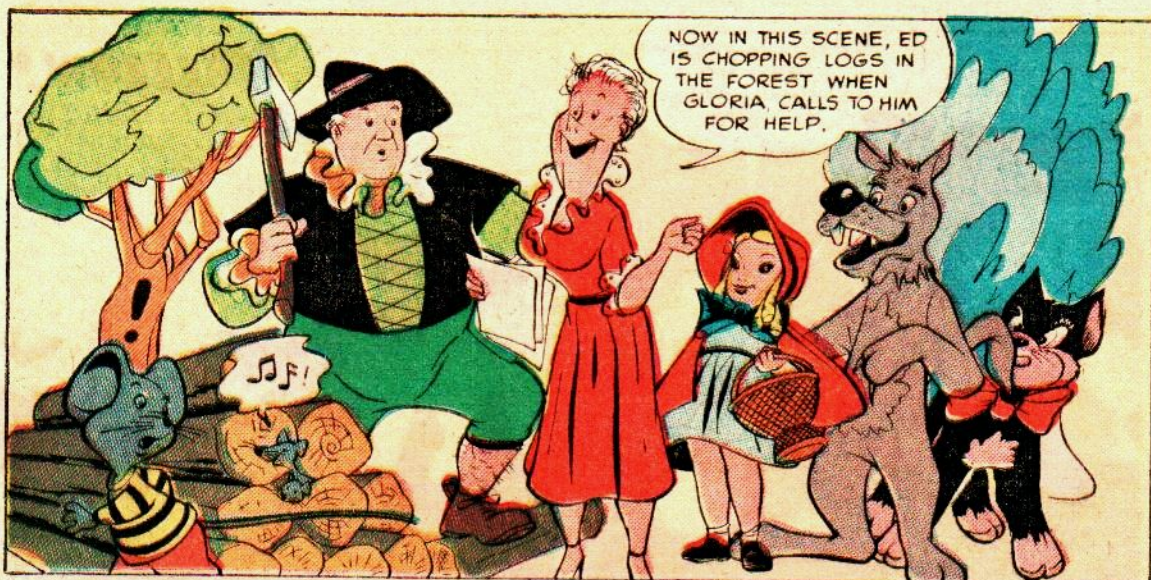


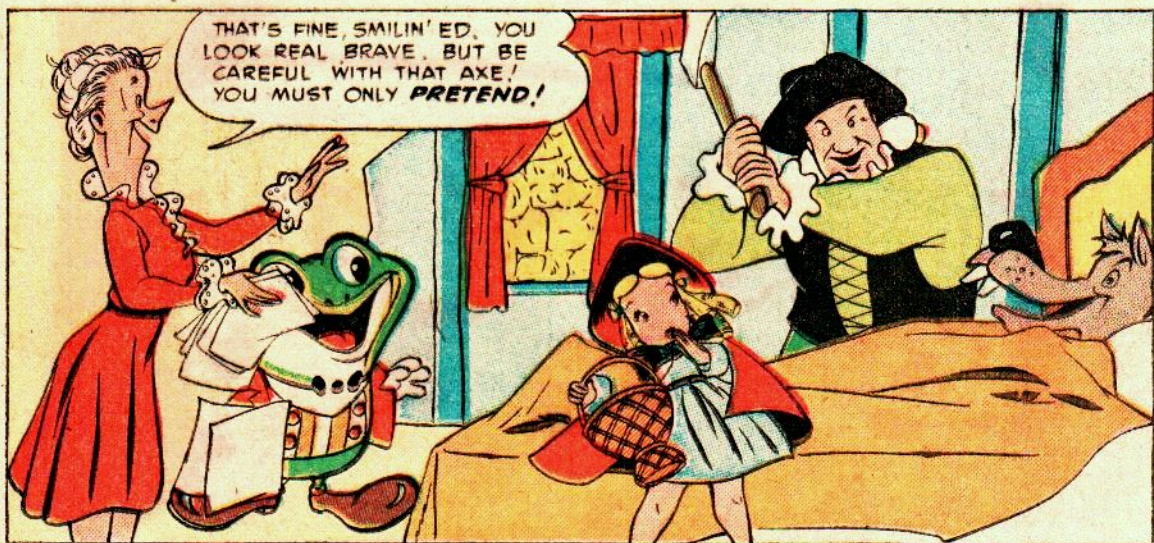
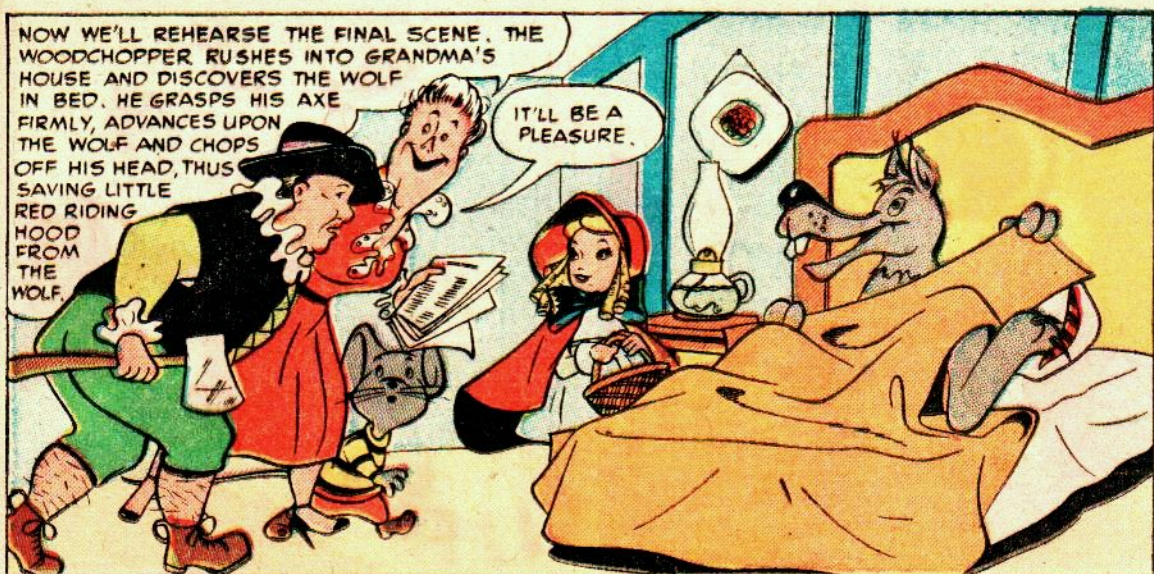


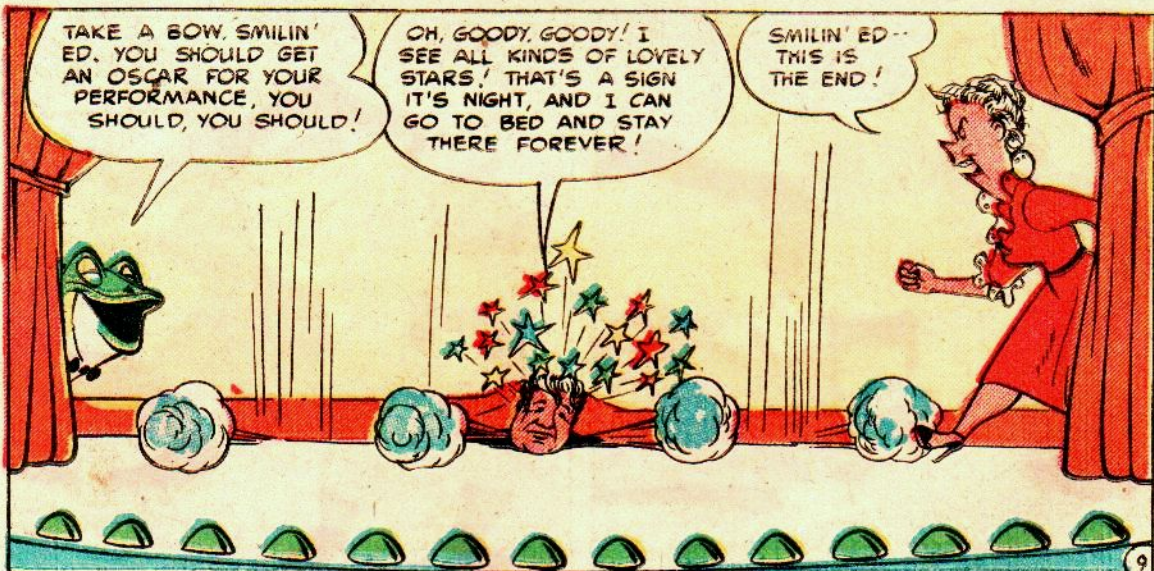
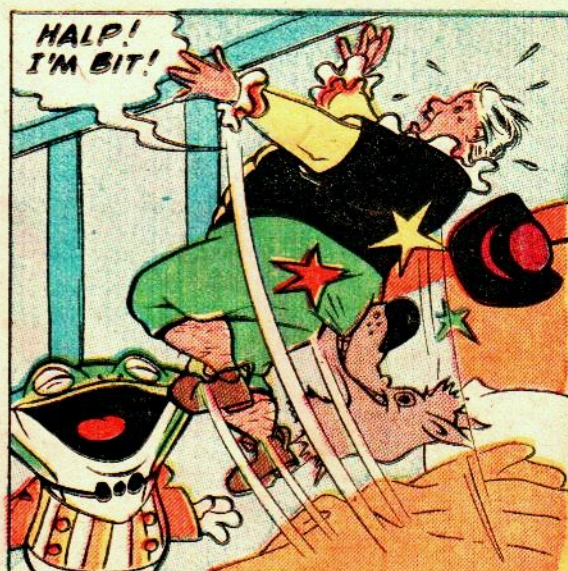












The **MONKEY GOD**

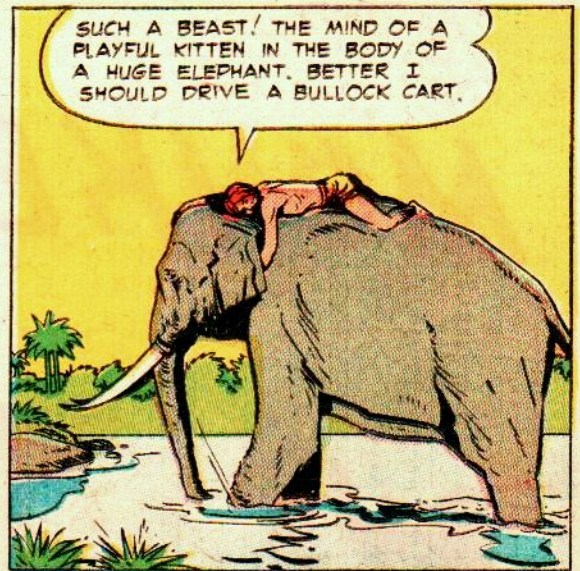


I SWEAR BY ALL THE GODS,
TEELA, YOU ARE THE DIRTIEST
OF ELEPHANTS! I SCRUB --
YOU ROLL IN THE MUD.
AGAIN I SCRUB -- AND
AGAIN YOU ROLL IN THE
MUD. NOW YOU ARE CLEAN.
LET US GO TO THE SHORE.

AND THUS, YOUNG GHANGA, MAHOUT OF THE MAHARAJAH OF BAKORE, IN INDIA,
UNKNOWINGLY PREPARES FOR ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH HIS GREAT ELEPHANT FRIEND, TEELA.



TEELA-- SPLUT, SPLUT-- YOU GREAT OX -- STOP IT! GLUB!



SUCH A BEAST! THE MIND OF A PLAYFUL KITTEN IN THE BODY OF A HUGE ELEPHANT. BETTER I SHOULD DRIVE A BULLOCK CART.

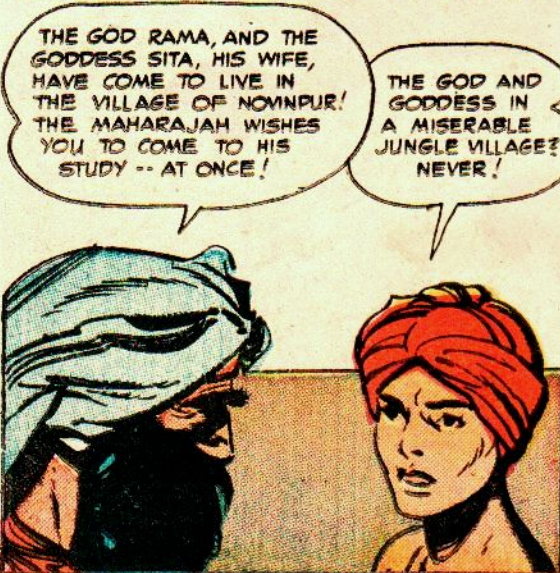


SO, TEELA! PUT ME DOWN AND I'LL GET THE SWEET HAY YOU LIKE SO MUCH.



GHANGA! GHANGA!

WELL, SINGH, SUCH EXCITEMENT COULD IT BE THAT THE PALACE IS BURNING?



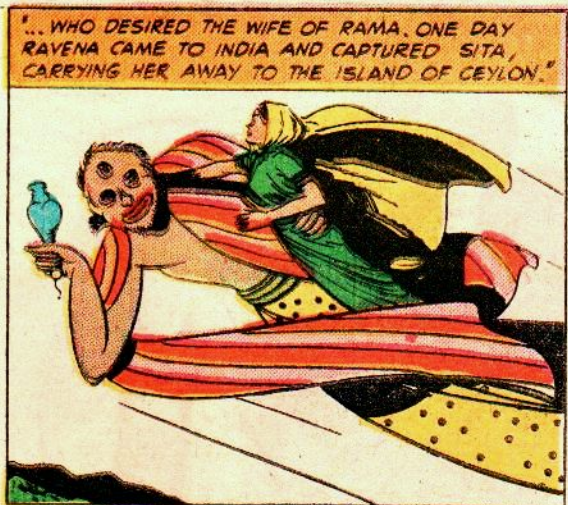
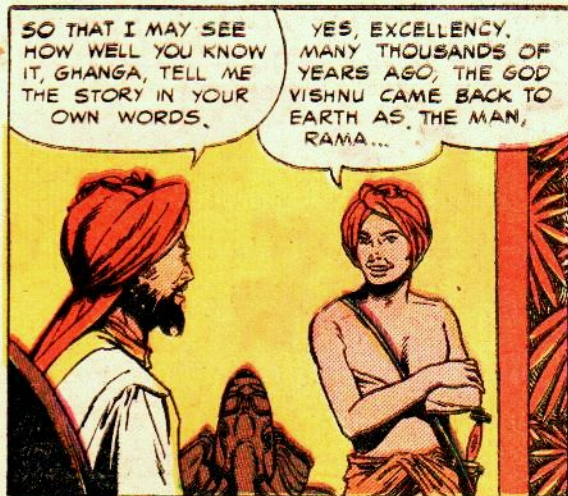
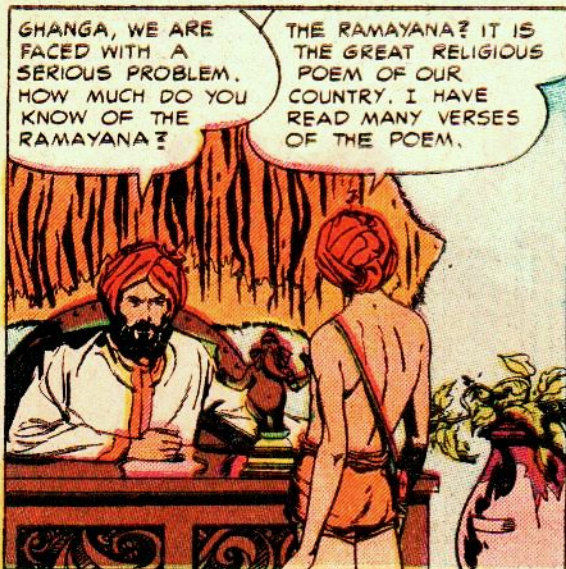
THE GOD RAMA, AND THE GODDESS SITA, HIS WIFE, HAVE COME TO LIVE IN THE VILLAGE OF NOVINPUR! THE MAHARAJAH WISHES YOU TO COME TO HIS STUDY -- AT ONCE!

THE GOD AND GODDESS IN A MISERABLE JUNGLE VILLAGE? NEVER!

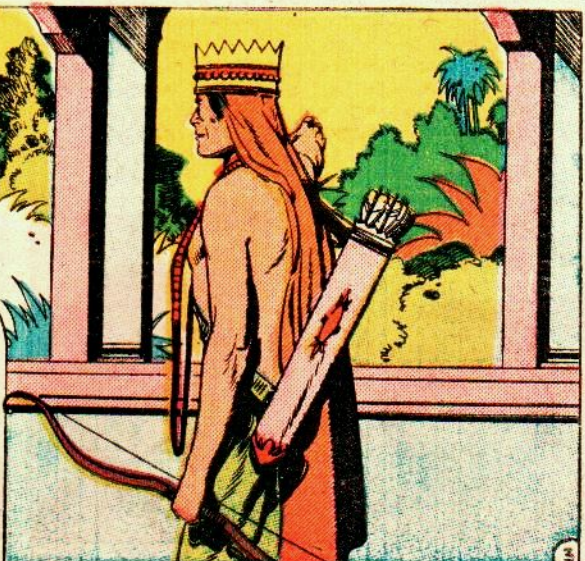


BUT IT IS TRUE! A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AND A HANDSOME MAN, AND WITH THEM PROOF THAT THEY ARE GOD AND GODDESS. DID THEY NOT BRING TO NOVINPUR HUNDREDS OF THE MONKEYS SACRED TO THE MONKEY GOD, HANUMAN?

SO, THE MONKEYS COME TO NOVINPUR. THAT IS BAD, FOR THEY WILL EAT ALL THE FOOD AND THE VILLAGERS WILL STARVE. I SHALL GO TO THE MAHARAJAH AT ONCE.



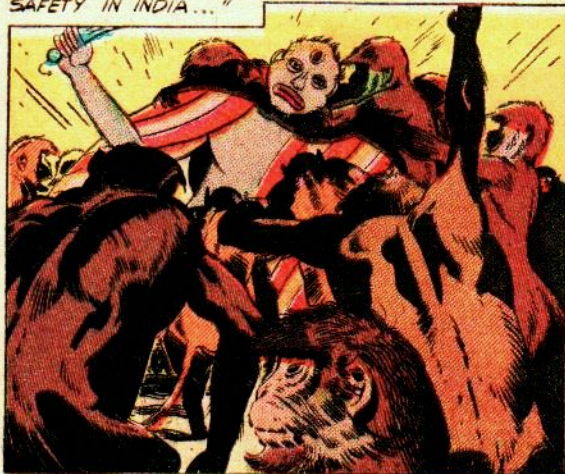
"NOW ONE OF INDIA'S MOST POWERFUL GODS WAS HANUMAN, GOD OF ALL THE MONKEYS. HE WAS THE CHILD OF A NYMPH AND A WIND GOD. RAMA CAME TO HANUMAN WITH HIS TROUBLE AND AT ONCE THE MONKEY GOD SUMMONED HIS SUBJECTS..."



"THE MONKEY PEOPLE OF HANUMAN BROUGHT MILLIONS OF STONES FROM THE HIGH MOUNTAINS, AND CASTING THEM INTO THE SEA, MADE A BRIDGE FROM INDIA TO CEYLON..."



"...THEN, LED BY HANUMAN AND RAMA, THE MONKEY WARRIORS INVADDED THE ISLAND. AFTER A FIERCE BATTLE WITH THE DEMON HORDE OF RAVENA, THEY RECAPTURED SITA AND BORE HER AWAY TO SAFETY IN INDIA..."



"...AND THUS, FOR THEIR HELP IN RESCUING HIS WIFE RAMA PROCLAIMED THE HANUMAN MONKEY SACRED THROUGHOUT INDIA FOREVERMORE."



AND SO, EXCELLENCY, THAT IS WHY THE PEOPLE OF OUR COUNTRY WILL NEITHER HARM NOR DRIVE AWAY THE HANUMAN MONKEY.

AND YOU, GHANGA, DO YOU FEEL IT IS RIGHT FOR THE PEOPLE TO WORSHIP A MONKEY, TO LET HIM COME IN GREAT TROOPS AND EAT THE CHILDREN'S FOOD? TO BRING FAMINE TO THE PEOPLE?



EXCELLENCY, I AM VERY PUZZLED. I HAVE BEEN TAUGHT THESE THINGS, AND THE CREATURES OF THE JUNGLE ARE MY FRIENDS, BUT I CANNOT WORSHIP ANY OF THEM. AND THE MONKEYS SHOULD NOT GET THE PEOPLES FOOD. THERE IS PLENTY IN THE JUNGLE FOR THEM.

I BELIEVE AS YOU DO, GHANGA, NOW WE MUST ACT QUICKLY, FOR I AM CERTAIN THE MAN AND WOMAN CALLED GODS AT NOVINPUR ARE NOTHING BUT THIEVES!



BUT IF WE TRY TO DRIVE AWAY THE MONKEYS, THE VILLAGERS WILL TURN UPON US, EXCELLENCY.

I KNOW THAT, GHANGA. THEREFORE, TAKE TEELA AND GO TO NOVINPUR. DO NOTHING AND TAKE NO CHANCES. SIMPLY FIND OUT WHAT IS HAPPENING AND REPORT TO ME, THEN WE CAN PLAN. YOU WILL START TOMORROW AT DAWN.



WEARING ONLY HIS HEAD HARNESS INSTEAD OF A HEAVY HUNTING HOWDAH, THE GREAT TEELA REACHES THE THINNING JUNGLE NEAR NOVINPUR BY MIDDAY.



HERE IS A GOOD PLACE TO WAIT, TEELA, FOR THERE IS PLENTY OF THE GRASS YOU LIKE, AND THE LEG IRONS WILL KEEP YOU FROM STRAYING TOO FAR. I MAY NEED YOU QUICKLY.

IN NEARBY NOVINPUR, THE MAN AND WOMAN REVERED BY THE VILLAGERS AS RAMA AND SITA MAKE DARK PLANS UNBECOMING TO A GOD AND GODDESS.

NAMIR, HOW MUCH LONGER MUST WE...

FOOL! HOW OFTEN MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO CALL ME NAMIR. HERE IN NOVINPUR I AM SITA, AND YOU ARE RAMA. REMEMBER THAT!



I AM SORRY, MY... SITA, BUT THIS VILLAGE IS NEAR TO STARVATION. WE HAVE A LARGE BAG OF GOLD-- WHY DO WE NOT LEAVE NOW?

WE WILL NOT LEAVE YET BECAUSE I AM SURE THE PEOPLE HAVE MORE RUPEES HIDDEN AWAY. AS FOR THE VILLAGERS-- LET THEM STARVE!



PAH, I GROW SICK OF THIS LIFE. TRAINED MONKEYS! I BATHE THEM, FEED THEM, CLEAN UP AFTER THEM, AND THEY HATE ME, ESPECIALLY THAT BRUTE YOU CALL A PET!

BAKKA? HE IS THE SMARTEST OF ALL. DOES HE NOT LEAD THE TRAINED MONKEYS INTO THE JUNGLE AND RETURN WITH HUNDREDS OF WILD ONES? HOW ELSE COULD WE CONTROL A VILLAGE WITHOUT BAKKA AND THE OTHER TRAINED MONKEYS?



BUT THE WORK I MUST DO...

BAH! YOU ARE A LAZY LOU, WHEN SOON WE COULD BE RICH. I---BOY! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I HAVE COME A LONG WAY. I SEEK TO SERVE THE GOD RAMA AND THE GODDESS SITA.



MY SITA, THIS BOY COULD BE VALUABLE. SEE... THE MONKEYS LIKE HIM AT SIGHT. IT IS NOT GOOD THAT GOD AND GODDESS SHOULD CLEAN UP AFTER ANIMALS.

THERE IS SOMETHING TO THAT, RAMA. WHAT IS YOUR NAME, BOY?

I AM CALLED GHANGA. GLADLY WOULD I CARE FOR YOUR ANIMALS FOR ALL THE CREATURES OF THE JUNGLE ARE MY FRIENDS.



AND SO GHANGA WENT TO WORK FOR THE MAN AND WOMAN WHO CLAIMED TO BE OF THE GODS. GHANGA SOON BECAME CONVINCED THAT RAMA AND SITA, AS THEY CALLED THEMSELVES, WERE NOTHING BUT FRAUDS.

OH, PEOPLE OF NOVINPUR! I HAVE CALLED YOU TONIGHT BECAUSE THE MONKEY GOD, HANUMAN, IS IN GREAT ANGER. HE CALLED UPON YOU TO GIVE YOUR GOLD, YOUR RUPEES! MANY RUPEES HAVE YOU GIVEN, BUT MANY MORE ARE HIDDEN IN YOUR HOMES. **BRING THEM TO SITA!**

OH, BEAUTIFUL GODDESS SITA, WE HAVE GIVEN ALL BUT A FEW RUPEES WHICH WE SAVE TO BUY SEED FOR THE SPRING PLANTING. IF WE GIVE YOU THESE, WE AND OUR FAMILIES WILL STARVE!



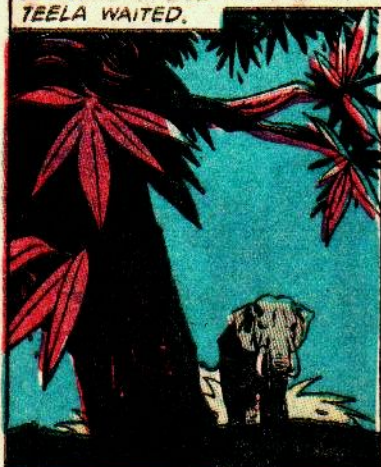
OH, UNHAPPY PEOPLE OF NOVINPUR! YOU SHOW LITTLE FAITH IN RAMA AND SITA! SOON THE COUNTLESS MONKEY PEOPLE OF HANUMAN WILL COME TO EAT YOUR FOOD AND STARVE YOUR VILLAGE! BAKKA-- INTO THE JUNGLE! BRING THE WILD ONES! **GO!**

BUT GHANGA HEARD SITA'S COMMAND TO BAKKA, AND A FEW HOURS LATER, WHEN THE VILLAGERS WERE ASLEEP, HE WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE JUNGLE'S EDGE, FOR BAKKA AND THE OTHER TRAINED MONKEYS LED HUNDREDS OF THEIR WILD BRETHREN INTO NOVINPUR!

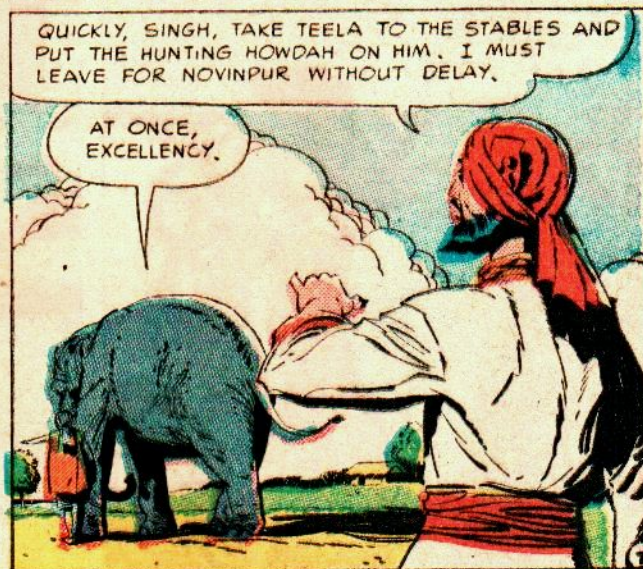
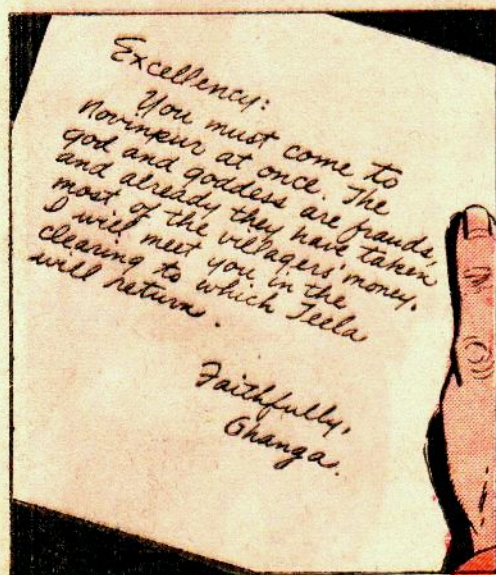
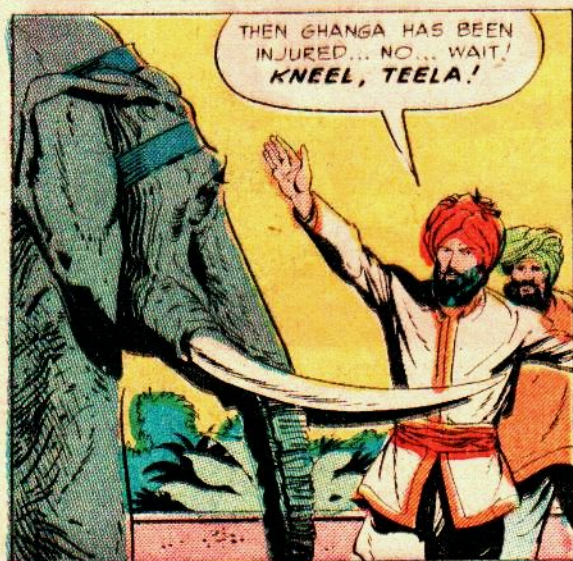


THEN, HIS MIND MADE UP, GHANGA WENT SWIFTLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE NIGHT TO THE HIDDEN CLEARING WHERE THE PATIENT TEELA WAITED.

THE YOUNG MAHOUT HASTILY WROTE A NOTE AND FOLDED IT INTO A HIDDEN POCKET IN TEELA'S HEAD HARNESS. THEN, REMOVING THE ELEPHANT'S LEG IRONS, GHANGA ORDERED HIS GREAT FRIEND TO GO HOME.



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE STUDY
OF THE YOUNG MAHARAJAH OF BAKORE...



WITH THE UNERRING INSTINCT OF THE JUNGLE BORN, TEELA MADE HIS WAY TO THE CLEARING WHERE GHANGA WAITED, STOPPING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE YOUNG MAHOUT. THE THREE MOVE ON TO NOVINPUR.

AIE, EXCELLENCY! IT IS GOOD YOU HAVE HURRIED HERE, FOR INDEED, THIS VILLAGE IS IN A SAD STATE.



A WHILE LATER, IN THE HOUSE OF RAMA AND SITA.

RAMA! MOVE SLOWLY. A GOD DOES NOT RUN IN EXCITEMENT.

SITA, SOMETIMES IT IS YOU WHO IS THE FOOL! DID I NOT SAY WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT THIS VILLAGE? EVEN NOW THE MAHARAJAH COMES UP THE VILLAGE STREET!



SO? THEN WE WILL TURN HIS OWN PEOPLE AGAINST HIM!

BUT... HOW CAN WE DO THAT, SITA?



IT IS SIMPLE. THE VILLAGERS WILL SEE NO HARM COME TO A HANUMAN MONKEY, EVEN AT THE HAND OF THE MAHARAJAH. I SHALL MEET HIS EXCELLENCY, ORDER BAKKA TO ATTACK, AND THEN WE WILL SEE WHAT THE PEOPLE DO WHEN ONE OF THEIR SACRED MONKEYS IS STRUCK DOWN!



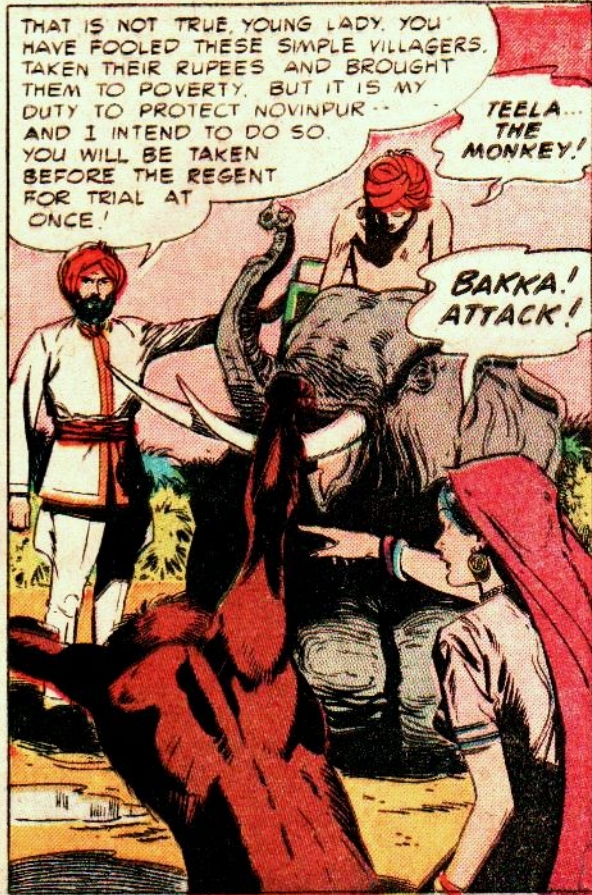


WHO COMES TO THE HOUSE OF SITA?

SO... YOU ARE THE WOMAN WHO CALLS HERSELF SITA, THE GODDESS!

I AM SITA!

KNEEL, TEELA!



THAT IS NOT TRUE, YOUNG LADY. YOU HAVE FOOLED THESE SIMPLE VILLAGERS. TAKEN THEIR RUPEES AND BROUGHT THEM TO POVERTY. BUT IT IS MY DUTY TO PROTECT NOVINPUR -- AND I INTEND TO DO SO. YOU WILL BE TAKEN BEFORE THE REGENT FOR TRIAL AT ONCE!

TEELA... THE MONKEY!

BAKKA! ATTACK!

WITH ALL THE SUDDEN FIGHTING FRENZY OF HIS KIND, BAKKA HURLS HIMSELF AT THE MAHARAJAH. BUT THE WATCHFUL TEELA BRINGS A VIOLENT END TO ALL WHO MEAN HARM TO HIS FRIENDS!

QUICKLY, EXCELLENCY! THERE WILL BE TROUBLE! MOUNT!

PEOPLE OF NOVINPUR! LOOK YOU! SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED!



BEHOLD! WORSHIPPERS OF RAMA AND SITA! A CHILD OF HANUMAN... A SACRED MONKEY LIES DEAD, KILLED BY YOUR MAHARAJAH! THE MAHARAJAH IS AN UNBELIEVER! KILL HIM!!

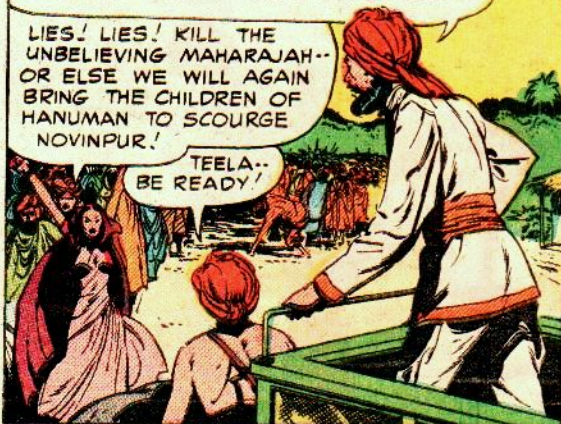
WAIT! THE ELEPHANT KILLED THE MONKEY, NOT THE MAHARAJAH. IF YOU TRY TO HARM HIS EXCELLENCY, I WILL SEND THE ELEPHANT CHARGING AT YOU! STAND, ALL OF YOU, AND HEAR THE TRUTH!



MY PEOPLE, THESE TWO ARE NOT RAMA AND SITA, THE GOD AND GODDESS. INSTEAD THEY ARE THIEVES WHO HAVE ROBBED YOU OF YOUR RUPEES. EVEN NOW THEY HAVE YOUR GOLD IN A BAG, AND SOON THEY WOULD HAVE DEPARTED FOR A RICHER VILLAGE.

LIES! LIES! KILL THE UNBELIEVING MAHARAJAH-- OR ELSE WE WILL AGAIN BRING THE CHILDREN OF HANUMAN TO SCOURGE NOVINPUR!

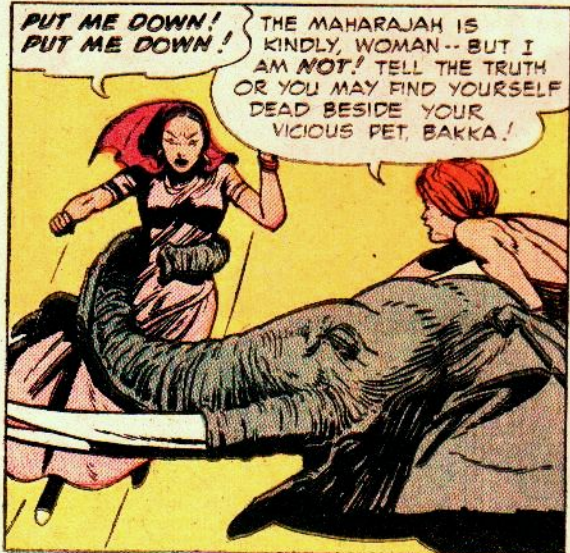
TEELA-- BE READY!



THE WOMAN, TEELA! TAKE HER!

PUT ME DOWN! PUT ME DOWN!

THE MAHARAJAH IS KINDLY, WOMAN-- BUT I AM NOT! TELL THE TRUTH OR YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF DEAD BESIDE YOUR VICIOUS PET, BAKKA!



I WILL TELL! WE ARE NOT THE GOD AND GODDESS-- WE ARE NOT RAMA AND SITA! THE RUPEES ARE IN A BAG IN OUR HOUSE. NOW PUT ME DOWN!

ONE MORE THING, YOUNG WOMAN-- ONLY YOU CAN DO IT. SEND YOUR TRAINED MONKEYS TO TAKE THE WILD ONES OUT OF THE VILLAGE, AND BACK TO THE JUNGLE.



AND WHEN THE FALSE SITA IS LOWERED TO THE GROUND, SHE GIVES A GRUDGING COMMAND.

GOORA! MAKA! TEERA! BUNA! GO! TAKE THE WILD ONES AWAY! GO! TAKE THEM BACK TO THE JUNGLE!



SO, GOOD PEOPLE OF NOVINPUR, YOUR RUPEES HAVE BEEN RETURNED TO YOU, AND THE FALSE GOD AND GODDESS WAIT IN THEIR HOUSE, BOUND AND CAPTIVE. THEY WILL GO TO THE REGENT FOR TRIAL AND PUNISHMENT. REMEMBER, MY FRIENDS, THAT THE GODS DO NOT COME AMONG US WITH HONEYED WORDS--AND AT THE SAME TIME STEAL OUR GOLD.



6

BUSTER BROWN'S POINT Fitting Plan

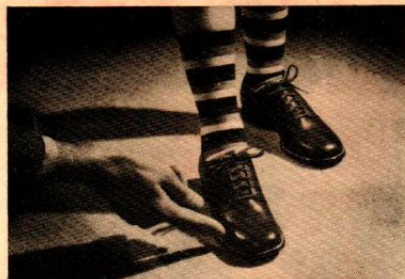
PROTECTS GROWING FEET



Measure both feet. Largest length and width fitted.



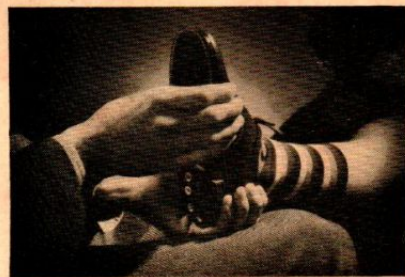
Big toe joint fitted to widest inside line of shoe.



Small toe fitted to widest outside line of shoe.



Fitted to allow about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from end of toe to end of shoe.



Heel fit check for proper width at top and bottom.



Regular 90-day size check service recommended.



BUSTER BROWN'S

School Days Jamboree

Come a-running, buddies, for back-to-school shoes! They're Buster Browns . . . best school shoes in town! Ask mom to take you to your Buster Brown shoeman soon.



Authorized manufacturers of OFFICIAL BOY
SCOUT SHOES and OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT SHOES